

# CHINA



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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### HK's Population

WHEN publicly proclaimed estimates of Hongkong's population can range up to three and a half million, it occurs to us that it is time Government gave serious consideration to putting the record straight by means of a census.

The last census taken in Hongkong was 25 years ago and that was at a time when it was comparatively simple to compute the size of the population within 50,000 one way or the other. Today Government and private citizens permit themselves a margin up to half a million when estimating the number of inhabitants.

But a census would serve more than the simple purpose of counting heads. It could provide vital socio-economic statistics and information, which in turn could help guide Government and social welfare organisations in their policies and their operations. One object which a census could achieve would be to discover and tabulate the areas of population density as well as the variable economic standards in those areas. From such information more rational long-term planning for the communities' needs could result.

In one respect, at least, it would be easier to take a more accurate census today than it was a quarter of a century ago. Then the great problem was to ascertain the so-called floating population which moved continuously between the Colony and the mainland. Now, apart from the fishing fleet which is based on Hongkong and is readily accessible for head-counting, there is little movement of the population. The number of itinerants has been reduced to a handful.

Another valuable function which a census could perform would be to categorise our refugees. Dr Hamberg's field workers did a commendable job within very strict limitations in assessing the Colony's refugee population, but the figures on which his report was based were anything but conclusive. Conceivably there could be only one serious objection to the taking of a census—the cost, which would probably be in the region of a million dollars. Nonetheless, a carefully prepared census form would produce some invaluable information and statistics, and would provide a realistic population base year for future comparison.

# TANKS CORDON OFF POZNAN

## Foreigners Warned, "Remain In City" SITUATION UNDER CONTROL

Poznan, Poland, June 29.

Many Polish army tanks of Russian design today cordoned off the international exhibition city of Poznan where grave "we-want bread" rioting by masses of determined steel workers yesterday resulted in 38 people being killed and 270 wounded.

Foreigners were officially warned not to travel out of Poznan by rail as the line might not be safe.

Crowds thronged the streets looking at the debris, especially the broken windows of the security police headquarters, the walls of which had been pock-marked with bullets.

The security police headquarters, outside which the shooting occurred yesterday, are on one side of the main square of the city in the Ulica Kochanowskiego. On the other side of the square are the radio headquarters. A nest of resistance was holding out in this building until early today.

In the centre of the square was an overturned tank. The square, and indeed most of the main streets of the town around the big fair ground where 35 nations are exhibiting their goods, swarmed with people.

They did not look nervous or intimidated. Many were laughing and joking.

The soldiers either smiled back or looked bored.

The demonstration yesterday was basically economic.

### Workers' Slogans

Slogans shouted by the workmen from the Stalin works: "We want bread." "We want freedom." "We demand lower prices and higher wages." "Down with dictatorship."

It is noticeable that the explanatory official statement and newspaper comments have admitted that the economic situation is difficult in Poland and that the government is doing what it can to remove "the grievances of the working people."

The steel workers had apparently asked for better wages and living conditions. The demands were turned down. The workers became excited and the police made some arrests.

The reaction of the workmen is summed up in the phrase "this is not the new freedom we expected in Poland."

### Well Organised

A strike was called and the demonstrations—well organised—began. When the crowds converged upon the centre of the town yesterday morning they were fairly good tempered, but also stern.

Headquarters of the Polish United Workers' (Communist) Party were invaded. Outside the

headquarters of the security police the situation for some reason suddenly became ugly. Several eyewitnesses said that when the workmen found themselves faced with troops they called out "are you Poles?" and the soldiers roared back "Yes, we are Poles."

The Army and the ordinary police seemed to have shown a lot of sympathy. People who were present said that some of the fraternising soldiers joined in the attack on the security police headquarters.

### Stettin Rioting Reported

Stettin, Poland, June 29.

Mr Z. Szybkowski, acting chairman of the Polish Council of National Unity—the "government" of exiled Poles—claimed here tonight that riots also occurred yesterday in the Polish port of Stettin.

The report had been received through secret sources, but there was, as yet, no confirmation, his statement said.—Reuter.

Later full disciplinary control over the soldiers was regained and they started clearing the strikers out of the square.

Other sources said that among the crowds were "clandestine armed groups" who took advantage of the strikers' demonstration for their own ends.

With the arrival of the tanks the army gained quick command over the situation.

More troops and police moved in during the night. Shooting was occurring spasmodically during the night although some of it may have been merely to keep people off the streets.—Reuter.

### Marilyn Married

New York, June 29.

Marilyn Monroe and playwright Arthur Miller were married tonight.

It was Marilyn's third marriage and Miller's second. The brief announcement said the Millers planned a delayed honeymoon in England.—United Press.

## Senate Refuses To Slash Aid

Washington, June 29.

The Senate rejected today an amendment aimed at slashing a million dollars off the administration's \$4,500,000,000 foreign aid bill. The amendment was submitted by Republican Senator William Langer from North Dakota.

It was the second time in 24 hours that the Senate voted against big cuts in the bill. By 58 votes to 27, the Senate last night rejected an amendment calling for a reduction of \$1,700,000,000 from the bill.

Amendments proposing smaller reductions will now go before the Senate.

The Upper House earlier adopted an amendment proposed by Senator Everett Dirksen (Republican of Illinois) setting aside a sum of five million dollars to be used at the discretion of the President to maintain the spirit of liberty in countries having Communist governments.

This is to be done through exchanges, support of private organisations and other means.—France-Press.

## Given 48 Hours To Surrender

Kuala Lumpur, June 29.

Security forces tonight halted their bombardment of terrorists in the Ampang area, on the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur, and announced a 48-hour ceasefire so six terrorists could surrender.

A voice aircraft flew low over the jungle where the terrorists were believed to be hiding and told them it was safe for them to come out. The plane also dropped leaflets carrying the same message.

The Communist band, under a district committee member Ah Wei, has been harassed by mortars and shells daily since June 18.—Reuter.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 5: The astonishing career of Sophie Dawes, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr: a world's strangest story. A plain man's guide to Linda, Edmund and Tyrone. Logan Gourlay tries to unravel the complicated threads of three film lives.

P. 6: The Gay Prince, by Sefton Delmer. Prince Abdul Rahman of Malaysia lays down conditions for British honours from Russell Spurr.

P. 7: Incredible Cup Finals by George Whitting: this week—when Stan Matthews won for Blackpool.

P. 8: The Atom Wives don't live in 1984. Kenneth Allsop visits them at Harwell and tells you what it is like. The spy at Cliveden and the distinguished guests who talk too much, by Robert J. Edwards.

P. 13: A new series begins: the greatest VCs of them all—the story of Paddy McGuinness, by Donald Gomery.

P. 16 & 17: Sports roundup.

## PREMIERS REASSURED BY NEHRU

London, June 29.

Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was reported to have reassured the Commonwealth premiers today regarding the true intentions of Egyptian President, Gamal Abdel Nasser, in the conflict over Palestine.

Tension between Israel and her Arab neighbours was the chief topic studied by the premiers at present in conference in London, during today's session, according to a Canadian source.

The premiers discussed the possibility of placing a 100 per cent embargo on arms deliveries to the Middle East, the source said, but they took no decision.

The Commonwealth premiers examined the situation regarding Cyprus and the island colony's role in the defence of the Commonwealth Middle East oil supply lines.

### TURKEY BLAMED

The Colonial Secretary, Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd reported that difficulties over a settlement for Cyprus were caused at present more by Turkey than by the Cypriot people themselves.

The Asian representatives posed numerous questions when, later, Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd briefly touched upon the problem of German reunification.

Mr Lester Pearson, Canadian External Affairs Minister, reported upon the North Atlantic alliance and upon the role of the recently constituted committee of the three "wise men" of which he is a member.—France-Press.

## Tragic Prelude To Press Conference

Roxbury, Conn., June 29.

A fatal newspaperwoman was fatally injured today when the car in which she was riding smashed into a tree while pursuing the car of Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller to a news conference.

Princess Mara Scherbatoff, chief of the New York bureau of Paris Match magazine, was thrown into the windshield when the car swerved off the narrow, winding country road and crashed. She died about four hours later in New Milford, Connecticut, hospital.

Miller stopped his car and ran back to give assistance after the crash, then sprinted down the road to his rural home, where he telephoned for a doctor and ambulance.

His cousin Mortou drove Miss Monroe to the house. The actress, her face pale, dashed past startled newsmen assembled for the news conference and vanished into the house.

### DRIVER INJURED

When reporters arrived at the wrecked scene, Princess Scherbatoff was lying in the road, covered with blood.

Her companion, the driver of the car, Ira Slade, brother of Match photographer Paul Slade, clutched at an injured knee and shouted for a doctor. He was later reported to have suffered a broken leg and other injuries.

The White Russian Princess, who had been reporting the Monroe-Miller romance for the Paris picture magazine, died in the hospital's emergency room. She had been living in New York for several years.

The accident put a damper on the news conference at which the couple hinted they may split off and be married secretly.—United Press.

## Not Out Of This World

London, June 29.

The British Air Minister, Mr Nigel Birch, said today that the Russians have got a great and powerful air force with good aeroplanes and very good pilots, but he did not think the West "need be put out of countenance by its quality."

Mr Birch made this statement in London today on his return from Moscow where he and a group of British air experts and high RAF officers attended the Soviet air force display last Sunday.

Referring to the Soviet air force, Mr Birch said: "It is not out of this world. It is not overwhelmingly good, but it is in the bracket of other great Powers."—France-Press.

### IKE'S APPEAL

Washington, June 29.

President Eisenhower today called for a renewed effort to seek exchanges of "information and ideas" with the Soviet Union and Eastern European countries as proposed by the Western foreign ministers at Geneva last October.—Reuter.

## Scott-Moncreiff Promoted

London, June 29.

Vice-Admiral Sir Alan K. Scott-Moncreiff, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy's Far East station, has been promoted to Admiral, the Admiralty announced tonight.

Sir Alan Scott-Moncreiff took part in Russian convoy operations in the last war and served in destroyers during the invasion of Sicily and Salerno.—Reuter.

### Laotian Dispute

## LEADERS TO HOLD MEETING

Vientiane, Laos, June 29.

The government announced today that Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Laotian Premier, has agreed to hold a meeting with Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao forces, to discuss a settlement of the Laotian problem.

The announcement said that correspondence had already been exchanged between the Premier and the leader of the Pathet Lao forces, which were the allies of the Vietnamese during the Indo-Chinese war.

A meeting between the two men would open the way for the reopening of talks between the government and the Pathet Lao "as soon as possible" to decide on the future of the Pathet Lao forces, in conformity with the Geneva armistice agreement on Indo-China, the announcement said.

Meanwhile, Prince Souvanna Phouma told an Agency France-Press correspondent that he would visit Peking on the invitation of Chinese Communist Premier, Chou En-lai, but only after the holding of the conference with the Pathet Lao.

He stressed the fact that his visit to China would be a "courtesy visit, neighbour to neighbour."—France-Press.

### WEAK TROPICAL DEPRESSION

The Royal Observatory this morning reported the existence of a weak tropical depression situated about 100 miles south-east of Hongkong and moving slowly north.

The depression was centred within 60 miles of 21.4 deg. N. and 116.4 deg. E.

### DEADLOCKED

New York, June 29.

United Steel Workers President David J. McDonald said today the nation's steel workers are "really hot" and "bitterly resent" the steel industry's stand for a five-year contract.

"We got nowhere today," he told a news conference following a meeting of the Union's 170-man wage-policy committee. United Press.

## CENTRAL BANK FOR MALAYA & S'PORE

Singapore, June 30.

The governments of Singapore and Malaya had agreed "in principle" to establish a joint central bank for the two territories, an official announcement said today.

But the announcement added, the governments had postponed their decision on the form and organisation of the bank until the constitutional future of both territories became clear.

In the meantime, it had been decided to appoint a banking adviser who would outline preliminary steps to be taken so the banking system could be set up immediately the final decisions had been taken.

The governments had also agreed to bring down general banking laws in both territories, the announcement added.

### EXPERTS' REPORT

The Singapore Legislative Assembly and the Federal Legislative Council would, as soon as possible, be asked to approve parallel ordinances establishing similar laws.

Two British experts had reported that a joint central bank and retention of the present currency—the Malayan dollar—in the two territories would foster confidence and remove obstacles from trade, the announcement said.

The two experts were Sir Sydney Cairns, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Malaya and nominated head of the London School of Economics, and Mr G. M. Watson, of the Bank of England.—Reuter.

### TWINING SHOWN ATOMIC STATION

Moscow, June 29.

United States Air Force Chief of Staff, General Nathan Twining, and other foreign visitors inspected today what the Russians called "the world's first atomic power station," located at Malo-Yaroslavl, 70 miles west of Moscow.

Twining told a newsman the station had "nice, very modern, fine looking installations". He praised the hospitality of its hosts, General M. Rudenko and that station's director, Professor M. Golovanov.—France-Press.

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**WHAT IS LIME JUICE?**

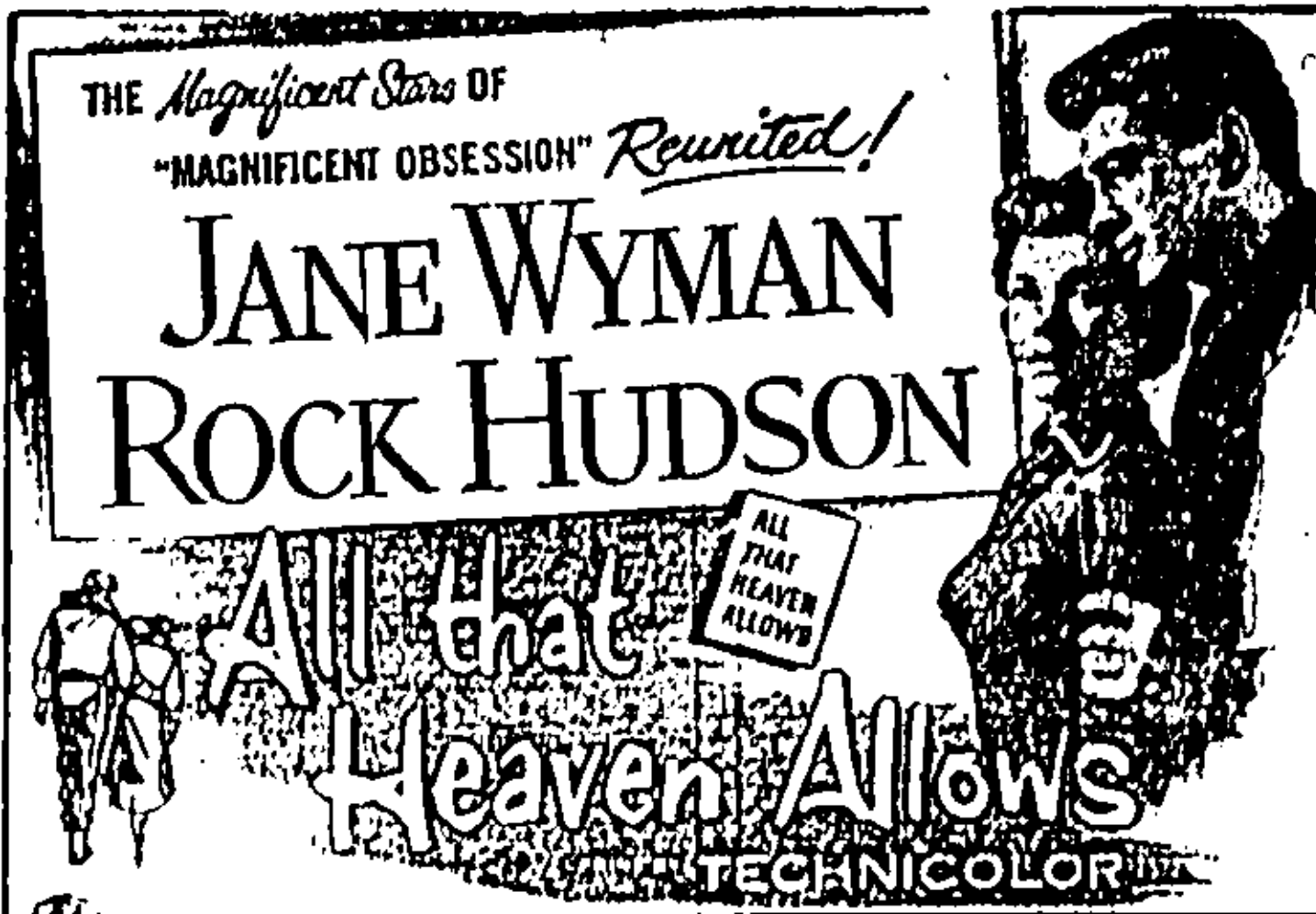
Purely and simply the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by Reo's who grow their own limes. The juice, stored and sweetened, provides a natural and delicious fruit drink. Try the taste of getting the real thing, not a synthetic one.

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# KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



AGNES MOOREHEAD • CONRAD NAGEL • A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.  
Burt Lancaster & Jean Peters in "APACHE" VARIETY PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS by United Artists

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

# PRINCESS

TO-MORROW Extra Show At 12.10 p.m.

A Truly Great Indian Production

EAGLE FILMS Present

Shammi Kapoor and Nadira in

"SIPAH SALAR"

With Kamal Mehra, Sham Kumar, Samson, Kum Kum, Helen, Cuckoo and S. Nazir

Produced by F. C. Mehra Music by: Iqbal

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HOOVER 1st MATINEE 12.00 Noon  
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TO-DAY ONLY DON'T MISS IT!! AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. "BATTLE CRY" in CinemaScope

# FILMS

Current & Coming BY JANE ROBERTS

## This Week's Films In Pictures



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz (Mr and Mrs Arnaz in real life) are the stars of "Forever Darling" coming to the Hoover and Liberty cinemas.



Jane Wyman introduces Rock Hudson to a quizzical Agnes Moorehead in "All That Heaven Allows"

Heaven doesn't allow a great deal in "All That Heaven Allows". If, for Heaven, you read Hollywood, all it lets its love-starved heroine get away with is an odd clinch with her upright gardener (perhaps it would be more kind, as well as kind, to call him her guiding contractor) a very sedate attempt at smooching by a wolf who could be recognised as such from the distance of at least seven feet away and a few well-bred jibes which are such as to leave her enough to leave room for sympathy from both ends of the studio line.

### Lovely Colours

The colour are lovely, they have the warm summer that's a little behind and they contain all the glow that should come with the year, so young, young that winter isn't so far away and that she'd be well advised to make the most of the transition period before it fades into the starkness of winter.

It seems that something of the urgency of what many people cynically consider to be a selfish season gets through to Jane Wyman, for with no malice, afterthought, but with an obvious stirring of interest for someone a little less hide-bound than her immediate acquaintances, she invites the handsome young man who has been coming for her trees, to take a cup of coffee. It's a symbolical cup of coffee, for in spite of a cool beginning, the relationship proves to be stimulating to both parties.

### Romantic Whispers

Not so Jane Wyman. She is pulled backwards, forwards and sideways by the disapproval of her two obnoxious children, by her love for the young man and her wish to marry him, by the practical considerations advanced by her worldly-wise friend, Agnes Moorehead and by the general interference of, particularly little, which she has been wont to move.

### Three Ballets

"Invitation To The Dance" is the culmination for Gene Kelly of a three-year-old dream. His idea was to produce, on the screen, a full-length feature devoted to the Dance. There was to be no dialogue, no connection between the three ballets that would make up the programme (this is a weak part in the structure) and he would be solely responsible for both direction and choreography. He would also dance a leading role in all three ballets. The front on which he could not have the last word was that of money. Perhaps this was why the result is not quite the well-lent whole it should have been. It seems as though somewhere along the line, Gene Kelly has been forced into a compromise between his dream and box office reality.

### With Puppets

It is enmeshed with the perogation of a ballet, which is seen in the opening scene by husband to his wife. She in turn passes it to her lover, he to a model, and so on until it returns to the husband.

### Second Place?

Anybody who wanders what the less luminous cinema stars do when they are not appearing on the screen will be interested to hear of three typical examples.

### A Western

Dana Andrews is one of those square-jawed, serene-faced fellows with whom one might feel justified in trusting one's daughter. As far as I can remember, he has never played a heel, so when a "good" white man is required to carry the peace pipe to the Indians, what better choice than clean living Mr Andrews.

### New Films

#### At A Glance

##### SHOWING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Invitation To The Dance". Three ballets with dancing by Gene Kelly, Teunissen, Bella, Igor Youskevitch and Agnes Moorehead.

##### COMING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Forever Darling". Comedy. Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, James Mason.

##### QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA:

"Darkest Hour". A western. Dana Andrews, Kent Smith, Linda Cristal.

##### TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW:

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Charlie Chaplin in "CHARLIE CHAPLIN FESTIVAL"

##### ROXY AND BROADWAY:

"Lola Montès". Life of a courtesan. Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, Anton Walbrook.

##### QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA:

"Warning From Space". Science fiction made in Japan. Produced by DALE.

##### ROXY AND BROADWAY:

"The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit". A man and his first love. Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Martin Payne.

inevitable justification for this horrible lot." As in all present-day westerns a reason is found for the unpleasant ways of even the rapacious Comanches and a renegade chief takes most of the blame.

It is absolutely unnecessary to indicate cruelty on the screen by including even oblique references to the mistreatment of children and I'm sorry to say that there are two such instances in the picture. With these two exceptions it's quite a likeable western and even if it's a little difficult to believe the plucky heroine when she puts after wandering for days in the desert—"I haven't eaten since I don't know when"—perhaps she's the type that just can't lose weight.

The practice of helping the more slow witted of us to understand the plot by employing a voice off screen to intone has been used once more, and the duty goes along behind the horses telling of the just rewards that come to "a man who's as good as his word". And for comic relief there's Mike Mazurki in war paint turning the tables on expert card player Nestor Paiva, in a game of Black Jack.

Linda Cristal, a new Mexican find, is the girl.

### Japanese Film

Japan's first science-fiction film bears a strong resemblance to similar films made by U.S. companies, particularly "The Creature From Outer Space" yet contains within it familiar patterns, elements particular to Japan.

In "Warning From Space" the moon-child is a creature from the planet Paim who comes to Earth to attempt to thwart the plan of Earthmen eventually to destroy their own world and the world of outer space through their experiments with nuclear explosives.

The creature from space succeeds in destroying the planet of a Japanese scientist and an explosive more powerful than any created before but then the Earthmen learn that another planet is running wild in space, is headed for Earth and will completely obliterate it if not destroyed before it strikes.

The advanced brain from the planet help the scientist to recreate his explosives and a rocket missile is built which kills the mad rush of the threatening planet, but not before great tidal waves have inundated downtown Tokyo in some of the finest work to date of Dale's special effects men.

# QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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# ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

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AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Charlie Chaplin in "CHARLIE CHAPLIN FESTIVAL"

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

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# PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, and China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Harry Is  
A Rare  
One!

Harold, a newcomer to London Zoo, is no ordinary penguin. Known as a Gold-crested Rock Hopper, Harold has gold and black head patches and wears a hood of feathers. He is just 14 inches tall and weighs 100 lbs. He came from the Gough Islands in South America.

## TO HEAP INSULT UPON INJURY...

THE JETPLANE CRASHED ON  
MILADY'S GOOSEBERRY BED'I Couldn't Get  
Angry—He Was  
So Charming'

London. Lady Carson, militant foe of the American jet planes which daily scream over her roof-top had a jet land bang in her gooseberry bed last week. The last straw? "Not a bit of it," said Lady Carson afterwards. "The American was so charming that I just couldn't get angry."

## Like hailstones

There was a heavy rain of hailstones on the roof-top of Lady Carson's house last week. The hail was just what she needed to cool her anger.

## The Queen Who Nearly Lost Her Throne

BEES REBEL OVER  
SWEET FACTORY

New York. A Queen Bee was nearly forced to abdicate recently when she made the mistake of leading her swarm of 75,000 adoring suitors over a sweet and chewing gum factory.

The queen and her faithful subjects of the American Candy Company in Long Island must have been a sight to see. The queen, a large black bee, led her swarm of 75,000 suitors over a sweet and chewing gum factory.

## POLICE—NOT US!

M. Max Wilnowski, the owner of the candy factory, said he was not responsible for the bees. He said the bees were attracted to the sweet and chewing gum factory.

## SENT TO MOSCOW

"They're leaving, not fighting," said Mr. Wilnowski. "They won't hurt you." The bees were sent to Moscow for further study.

KILLED BY  
BULLET  
FIRED 40  
YEARS AGO

Rome. Gianni Francorieri, 62-year-old farmer, was killed by a German bullet fired 40 years ago.

At the age of 22, Gianni was wounded during a battle in World War I. A bullet lodged in his chest. It was never removed and he carried it around for 40 years.

The other day Gianni was picking cherries in his orchard. He slipped and fell from a height of 12 feet hitting his chest on a rock.

The bullet was dislodged in the fall and pierced his lung. He died of an internal hemorrhage.—United Press.

CAUGHT HIS  
SUBMARINE  
AND FELL IN

New York. Jack Harris, a sailor, missed his submarine when it left New London, Connecticut.

The hitch-hiker to Norfolk, Virginia, his next port of call. As Norfolk, he again just missed the submarine as it left for Richmond.

Harris was at Richmond when the submarine tied up at the docks. He walked to the gangplank, saluted the officers, lost his footing—and fell into the river.

## Bomb Found

Milan. A boy playing in his yard, found a 20-pound unexploded bomb. The bomb was dropped during the war. Artillery experts moved it away and got it off in a nearby field.—United Press.

## Gold And Silver

Istanbul. Several gold and silver-plated metal containers and some wooden furniture have been found near the grave of King Midas at Paphlagonia, near Ankara.—China Mail Special.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Shaharang-shu Kanta Acharyya, otherwise the Maharajah of Mymensingh, and Braintree beauty winner Janet Hicks, 20, toast each other in a London hotel after their wedding. The couple are honeymooning on the Continent. (Express)

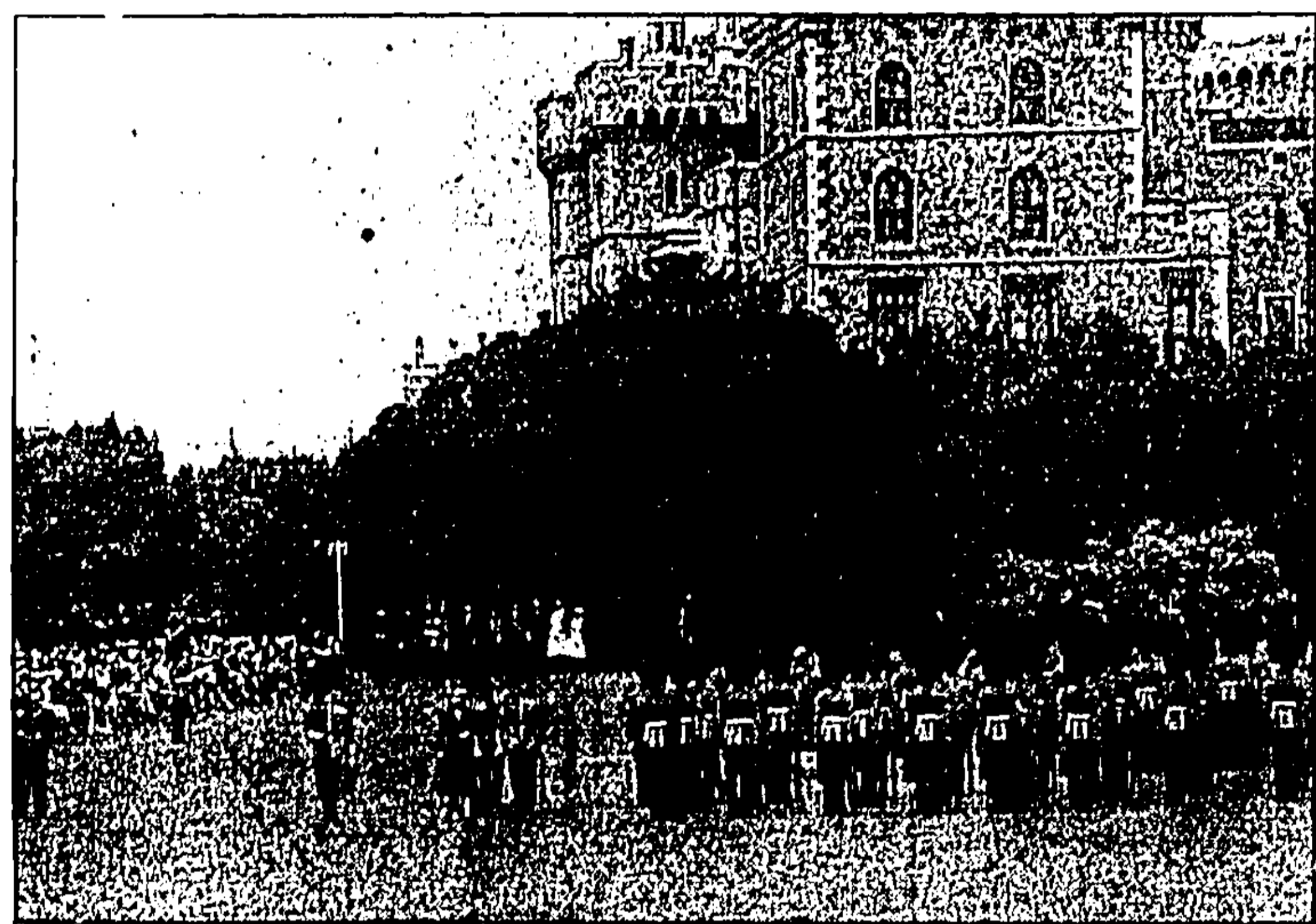
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN took the salute at the Tercentenary Parade of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor last Saturday. Picture below shows the scene as the Sovereign inspected the parade. (Army News)



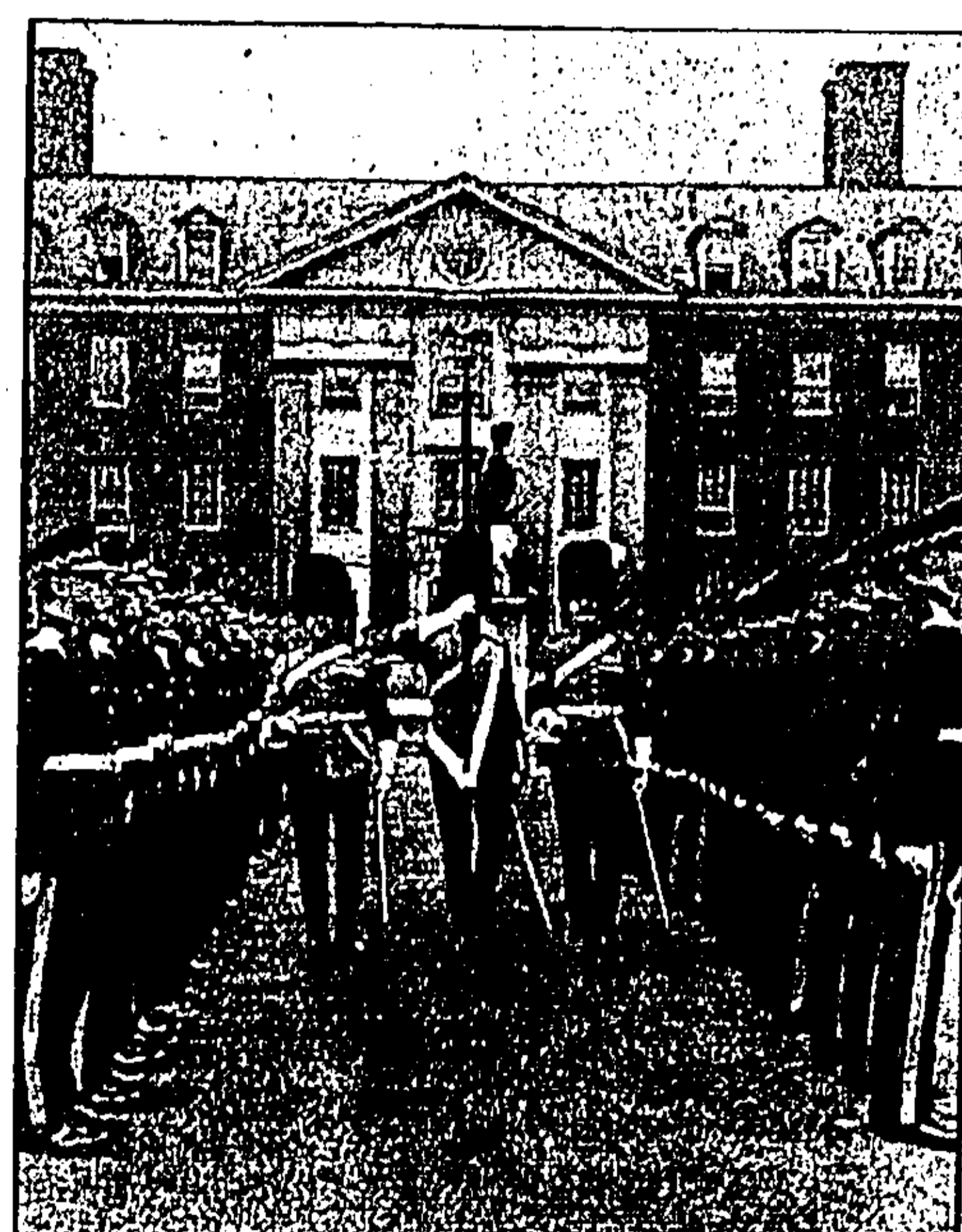
THREE new Knights of the Garter — Sir Anthony Eden, Earl Attlee and the Earl of Iveagh — were installed recently at Windsor. They are seen walking in procession with Sir Winston Churchill. (Express)



A plan to cross the North Sea on water skis — a feat of endurance calling for about 15 hours of muscle-tearing strain — has been formulated by Alan Crompton, 28-year-old leader of the British Olympic snow ski team. The crossing will be made this summer. Crompton, holding skis, is seen with the man who towed him across the English Channel, speed ace Donald Campbell. (Express)



TWO jive fans get in the groove aboard a Thames riverboat last Sunday, when six bands aboard beat out hot music for some 2,000 fans. (Express)



BELOW: At the Royal Armoured Corps annual demonstration at Bovington and Lulworth, a Centurion tank emerges from a water trench. (Army News)

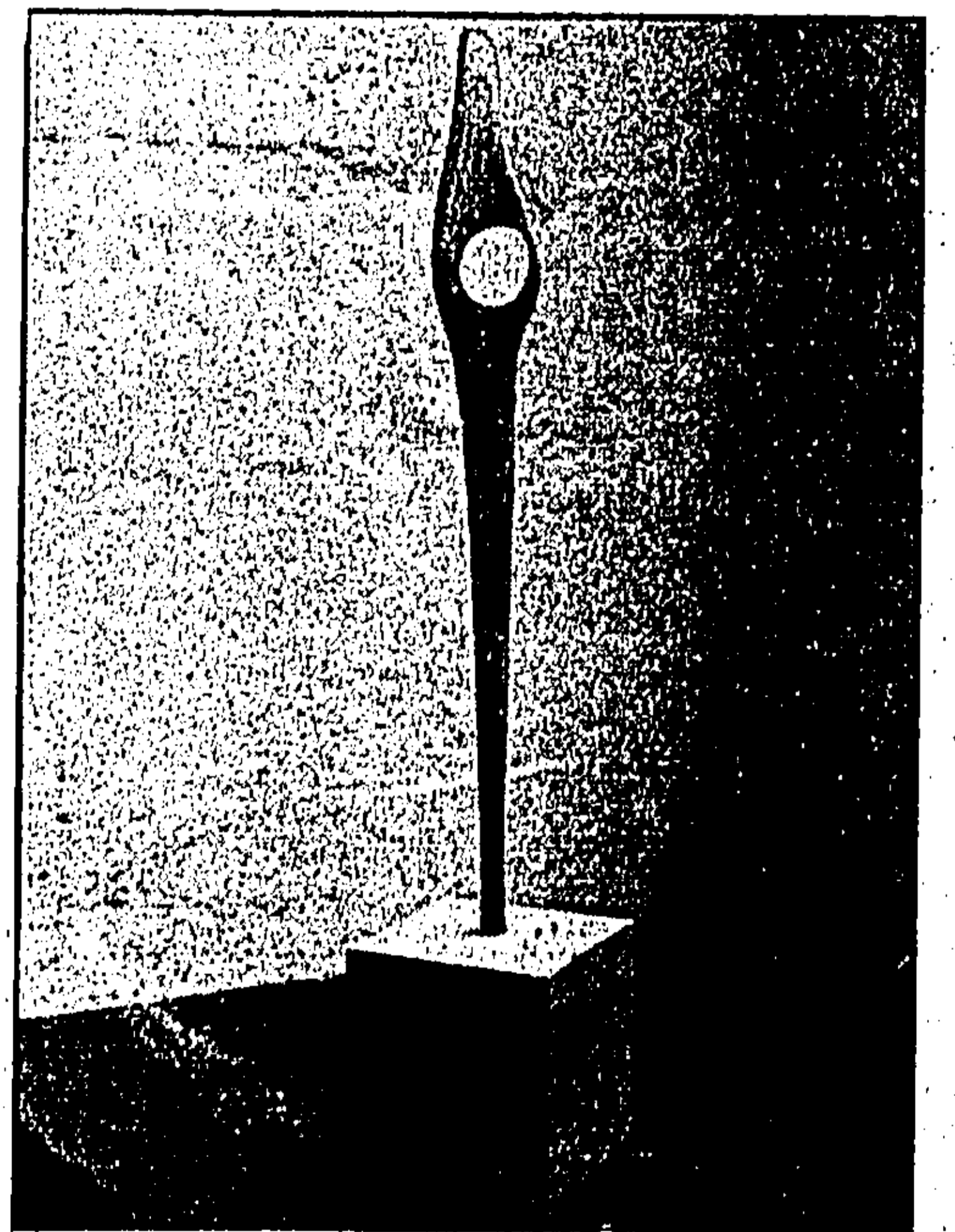
AT the Waterloo Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the Governor, General Sir Bernard Paget, handed over to the Royal Scots Guards a standard captured from the French at Waterloo. The standard, paraded here, will be taken to the Services Museum at Edinburgh Castle. (Army News)

VIOLETTA ELVIN, Russian-born ballerina who is retiring from the Sadler's Wells ballet in order to get married, gave a farewell party at Covent Garden the other day to all her associates. Miss Elvin (right) is here seen with Dame Margot Fonteyn. (Express)



THE wife and two of the three children of Sergeant Ken McConnell—reported dead after a crash-landing in the Malay jungle but who survived a 20-day trek to safety — speak to him by telephone from England. Mrs McConnell is seen with seven-year-old Catherine and five-year-old Margaret. (Express)

EN route to a fancy dress party in Chelsea, London, are the Duke of Kent and Miss Penny d'Erlanger. His absence earlier in the day at a wedding had caused comment. It was that of Jocelyn Stevens and Miss Jane Sheffield, the girl the Duke kissed publicly early this year at Klosters, Switzerland. (Express)



THIS item in a current London art exhibition, labelled "Vertical Figure," was sold to an unsuspecting admirer for a guinea. It was entered by Bert Darch, a jeweller, and is nothing but a piece of wood taken from a bucket of firewood, polished, varnished and mounted. (Express)

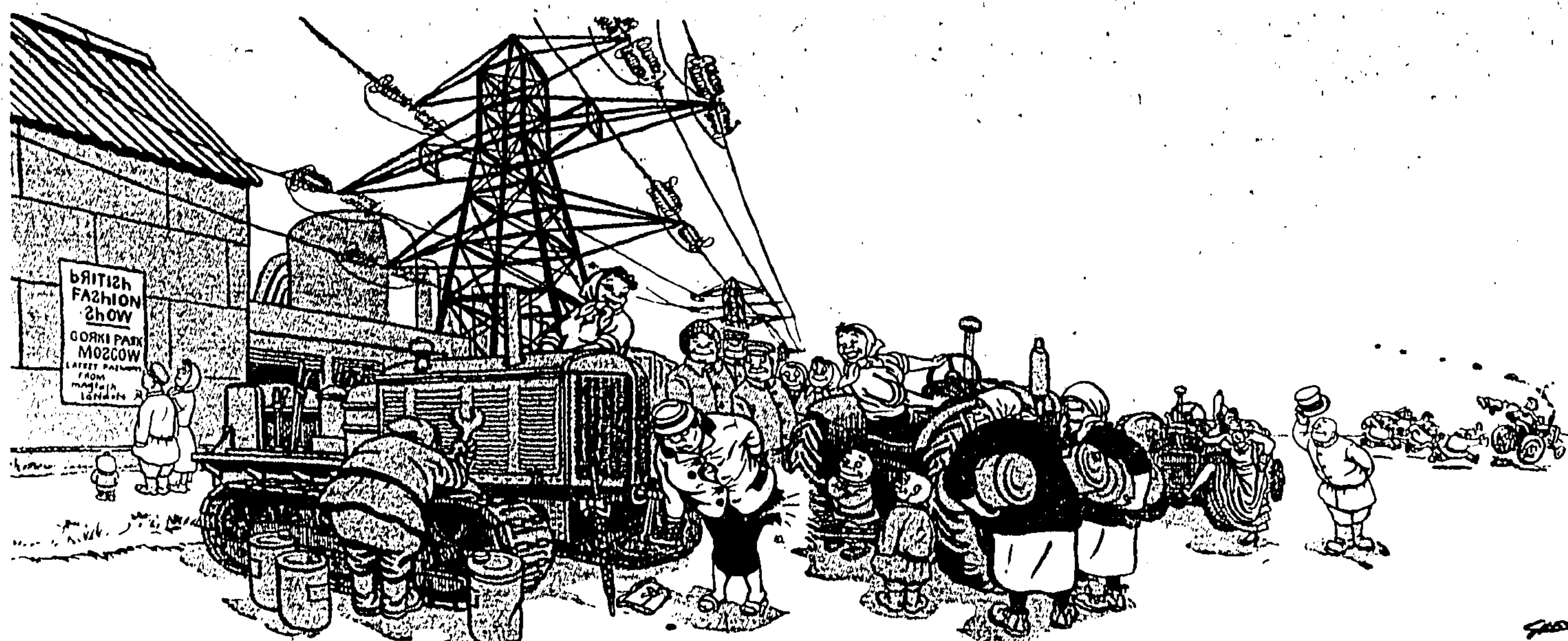


## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller





"Tch! tch! Your Mayfair outfit's not wearing very well, Comrade."

C. D. T. Baker-Carr Recalls One of the World's Strangest Stories



She was a pauper child... she became a millionairess—and the most talked-of woman in France

THE Marquess of Winchester's card party was in full swing at his stately London home. Stakes were high and luck was in for one of the visitors, the Duke of Bourbon, when it was decided to wager on something more exciting than money. One young blood suggested that Sophie Dawes, a tall, beautifully proportioned girl of 19, should be the prize.

Sophie's blue eyes sparkled with amusement as she watched the whist-playing peers round the tables. At length the Duke of Bourbon, an exile in Britain, sat back with a smile. Sophie Dawes was his. The duke, a big heavily-built man of 55 and a multi-millionaire in his native France, was delighted with his win.

Such is one account of how Sophie Dawes started on the road to riches. But there are other stories, that he found her in a Piccadilly resort; that he stole her away from an officer lover; that he bribed a rich foreigner at Turnham Green to "release" her.

#### Seventh Child

Whatever the true version, Sophie was born on September 29, 1792, the seventh child in a pauper family, in the little fishing village of St. Helen's, in the Isle of Wight. Her father,

Richard Dawes, was an acknowledged drunkard, syster-seller, pill and snuffler. At 13 Sophie was put into service at the home of a local farmer, one Chitt, with whom she stayed for two years.

#### A Husband

The duke set up Sophie in a London house of her own. There she rapidly learned several foreign languages plus a smattering of Latin and Greek. In 1815 she moved to Paris, changing house regularly each year until in 1817 she settled down at No. 9, Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, claiming to be the natural daughter of the Duke of Bourbon, born during his residence abroad.

All her life Sophie had a hankering after respectability and so a husband was found for her—33-year-old Army officer Adrian-Victor Feuchere, who was told at his first meeting with the duke: "I've known the lady since she was a baby."

Any man of honour could marry her. They were doubly married in London on August 6, 1818, at a Protestant church and at a Roman Catholic chapel.

The duke gave her dowry amounting to an annual income of 2,000 francs. Her husband was created Baron Feuchere and given the post of Gentleman of the Chamber in the duke's household—a nice, ironic touch. Thus Sophie was reunited with her elderly lover, who was still hopelessly infatuated.

But rumour was at work and in February, 1820, the disgraced husband was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and made aide-de-camp to the Duke of Bourbon. Sophie, however, still treated him with lofty contempt and in March, 1824, she brought matters to a head by admitting: "No, I'm not the duke's daughter—I'm his mistress."

#### Domestic Scuffle

A domestic scuffle resulted, she using her fists as a weapon. The timely entry of the Duke of Bourbon saved the situation—temporarily.

But the little family group was broken up, and Sophie sent for her mother. Mrs. Dawes, Sophie and her young sister Charlotte all set up home in Paris for a time. But Sophie soon tired of respectability and returned to the Palais-Bourbon—and her duke.

The duke made a will naming the Duke of Orleans' young son, the Duke of Aumale, as heir. And, of course, there was a clause that Sophie should benefit by several million francs on his death. Her further reward for her part in the intrigue was a royal indication that she was now welcome at Court again.

Death came to the Duke of Bourbon when he was a feeble old man of 74. An early accident had lacerated his left shoulder, and sword wound had rendered useless three fingers of his right hand; he had never fully recovered from a fractured thigh and was suffering from a hernia. In fact, he could only just walk unaided.

#### Duke's Will

At 8 a.m. on August 27, 1830 in the Chateau de Saint-Louis, one of Sophie's castles, a secret investigation dragged on, with distant relatives of the dead duke contesting the will and doing their best to bring Sophie before a judge and jury on a capital charge.

But King Louis-Philippe, recently promoted from the Duchy of Orleans, realised that his tenure of the throne would be more precarious than ever if his own part in the heinous intrigue were made public in a court of law. The examining magistrates were royal supporters of the monarchy and his wishes were obeyed. The facts were suppressed.

The will was proved, the young Duke of Aumale became the main beneficiary and Sophie collected two million francs—four million she said she had been promised.

#### Two Camps

At once the household, the Court, the nation and the world outside divided into two camps—those who believed in the suicide theory and those who pointed an accusing finger at Sophie Dawes, baroness of Feuchere, and her latest lover, a man identified only as Sous-Officier "X" of the Gendarmes.

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because of the sordid money transaction." No suffragette ever spoke up more feelingly, and illogically, on behalf of her sex.

Despite her losses, Miss Christian still has a sizable jewel collection valued at about \$350,000. She also has her million-dollar alimony settlement from Mr. Power, based on a percentage of his earnings.

Mr. Purdom is now making a determined effort to climb to Miss Christian's financial level.

He said: "I was under contract to M.G.M. But now we've parted—by mutual consent. I've just made my first free-lance film and earned more than I did in a year with M.G.M.—\$80,000 plus 10 percent of the profits."

Now he hopes to make a film in England co-starring Miss Christian, of course.

"It's a love story, a simple love story," they said, throwing loving, but not simple, looks at each other.

I left them to wait for the plumber. The look in the bathroom ceiling was still drip, drip, dripping.

(CONTINUED)

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A PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO

LINDA, EDMUND and TYRONE

★ MISS CHRISTIAN WISHES IT TO BE KNOWN THAT EVERYONE IS FRIENDLY

LINDA CHRISTIAN settled herself in a chaise-longue in the bedroom of her London hotel suite, smoothed her pale green dress, and said:—

"Send for the plumber, darling. My bathroom ceiling is leaking."

"Darling," who was Mr. Edmund Purdom, got up from his chair and went to the bathroom to inspect the ceiling, saying it was probably only condensation. But he discovered that it was a leak—must be from the floor upstairs. May be someone's trying to commit suicide.

#### NOT GRIEVING

There was no suggestion that Tyrone Power, ex-husband of Miss Christian, might be suddenly flooding in an overflowing bath upstairs.

Miss Christian had made it clear that he is not sunk in inconceivable grief over their broken marriage. She had just arrived in London with their two daughters, Roxanne (8) and Faryn (3), who under the terms

of the divorce spend two months of the year with their father.

"He didn't come to the airport to meet me," pouted Miss Christian. "I was told he had a bad cold. But when I took the children to him at his place in London I found there was nothing wrong with him. He was fine, just fine."

"But I don't mind. We're still very good friends. No hard feelings."

Mr. Purdom said that he was also a friend of Mr. Power's. "Why not?" They were all very adult and Noel Cowardly about the whole thing.

A hotel chambermaid came in to have a look at the leak in the bathroom ceiling and left hurriedly saying she would send someone to fix it.

A valise arrived to take a few of Miss Christian's two dozen dresses away for pressing.

Miss Christian had one or two other remarks to make about herself, Mr. Power, and Mr. Purdom which were not just about friendship.

She wanted it to be known that whatever she was (and whatever the state of her bathroom ceiling), she was not, as had been alleged, a home-wrecker.

"My husband came to me and asked for his freedom long before I'd even met Edmund."

#### By LOGAN GOURLAY

Last time she was in London there were rumours of a reconciliation with Mr. Power. It is now an unlikely eventuality.

"He has another romantic interest." (Like many Hollywood actresses she often talks like a character in a bad movie.)

"No, not one of the Gabor sisters. That was just a decoy. It was my cue to ask about the romantic interest. I took it. Her name's Mary... Mary good faith. She shouldn't suffer

because of the sordid money transaction."

No suffragette ever spoke up more feelingly, and illogically, on behalf of her sex.

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(CONTINUED)

# THIS IS THE DOORWAY ALL HOLLAND IS WATCHING

THE 'CONSULTING ROOM' OF JULIANA'S FAITH-HEALER GREET HOFMANS... THAT ONE-WINDOW DANCING SCHOOL NEXT DOOR TO THE BOSBOOM BAR

**F**LOCKS of cyclists wheel into a little street in Amsterdam. For in this street—in the "Cor de Tong Dancing School," beside the Bosboom Bar, Greet Hofmans is "consulting." These pictures OUTSIDE were taken by cameraman Walter Bellamy. Now let's go INSIDE. Below is the report of a Special China Mail Correspondent who went to "consult" Greet Hofmans.

**I** QUEUED up for a consultation with 61-year-old Greet Hofmans.

The consultation with the Dutch faith-healer who has been trying to cure the partial blindness of Queen Juliana's daughter, nine-year-old Princess Marijke, lasts only a few minutes.

Just off Amsterdam's busiest street, on the corner of a tree-lined avenue alongside a canal, I went into a small, clean cafe.

I ordered coffee at the counter.

A nurse came over and told me to finish my coffee and put out my cigarette before seeing Miss Hofmans.

Then I was told to leave the cafe and take the first door on the left.

I found myself in the ante-room of a small ballet school. I went through the door and joined other patients sitting on a red leather bench. At the end of the room there was a curtain hiding a small adjoining room.

## THROUGH THE CURTAIN

People of all ages and types were sitting waiting—simple working people and well-dressed men and women.

My turn came. I went through the curtain and met the faith-healer.

Miss Hofmans was standing. She is a tall, angular woman with silver-grey hair. Her face is pale but strong-willed. She has large, dark, penetrating eyes.

She asked me to sit down. I told her I had not come for myself but on behalf of a friend's husband who has had a nervous breakdown.

"Does his wife want him to get better?" Miss Hofmans asked.

I said "Yes—but before I could say any more Miss Hofmans snipped: "Wait."

## WHAT IT'S LIKE INSIDE

She lifted her hands and began praying. The prayer lasted one minute.

Then Miss Hofmans opened her eyes and said: "We have to concentrate all our forces. Maybe the first results will be bad because we are eliminating the negative elements first. This man is hyper-sensitive. Mentally, he is in a dark corner. You come back to me on the

first Tuesday of next month and tell me how things are. Then we will see. I will pray."

She asked no names, took no money.

As I left I was given a slip of paper giving me an address in Amsterdam. I have to write there to get my "rotation number" for the next consultation.

(COPYRIGHT)

GREET HOFMANS

PRINCE BERNHARD JOKES WITH DELMER: FROM DELMER'S PERSONAL ALBUM

SEFTON DELMER HAS KNOWN PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS. NOW, IN A THREE-PART ASSESSMENT BEGINNING TODAY, HE EXPLAINS THE DILEMMA OF BERNHARD AMID THE NEW DUTCH ROYAL CRISIS—EXPLAINS IT AS ONLY A PERSONAL FRIEND CAN.

SOME of Prince Bernhard's friends in Britain as well as in Holland are criticising him.

They maintain that he should not have stayed on in Stockholm to watch the Olympic horseman trials while the faith-healer crisis boiled and crackled around Queen Juliana's throne.

"This is a serious crisis," one of them said to me. "The prince ought to have flown right back to the palace at Soestdijk to deal with it."

Well, I certainly do not underestimate the crisis or its potential developments.

But I think the prince was right to stay on stoically in Stockholm and stick to the schedule under which he flew himself back to Holland afterwards in his royal Dakota.

After all, he was in Stockholm not just for his own pleasure but as the top technical controller of the Equestrian Games by virtue of his presidency of the International Federation of Equestrian.

That cheerful American-style "Hi!" with which he greets his friends, the easy, friendly manner, and the ever-ready, rather high-pitched laugh cover a shrewd perception of human character and motives, plus a fine appreciation of the dignity of his position and its requirements.

Among all the princes of ruling houses I have met Prince Bernhard is the most modern-minded, the most genuinely democratic, and the most skilful operator in the field of human and political relations.

He has had to be in order to carry off successfully the difficult situations in which life has placed him again and again.

Think of him in these situations:

1. As a comparatively poor young prince of Lippe-Biesterfeld, marrying the heiress

who had about \$15,000 in capital assets plus the family estate at Rechenwald, behind him. His

uncle, very rich.

2. As a German-born prince of the Netherlands leading the Dutch in their fight against Hitler during the war. His brother and cousins served in Hitler's Wehrmacht.

3. As a man under a secret sentence of death from his doctors. Six or seven years to live is all that the American doctors of Washington's Walter Reed hospital allowed him when he went there for a check-up in 1952. That's the same hospital in which President Eisenhower is now being treated.

He becomes such a hero that when the royal family return to Holland he has the greatest difficulty in restraining a demand from the Resistance that he should lead them in a military coup against the then Government.

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# THE GAY PRINCE BY SEFTON DELMER



PRINCE BERNHARD JOKES WITH DELMER: FROM DELMER'S PERSONAL ALBUM

THIS IS THE TRUTH—BY HIS PERSONAL FRIEND

## But he will not talk

**B**ERNHARD accepts the verdict, accepts the order that he must give up his favourite sports of skiing and show jumping, and not indulge in any pastime which could cause him to fall or receive a bump on the head.

He keeps the news entirely to himself, keeps it secret from his family and the Government.

In London, two years later however, he sees a top British specialist, who relieves his mind and gives him many more years of life than the Americans. The tension, for the time, is over.

In March of 1955 Prince Bernhard on a visit to the United States is invited by President Eisenhower of the North American Aircraft Corporation in Los Angeles to take up one of their F80 jets and fly it through the sound barrier.

Bernhard is aware of the doctors' warning against sudden disturbances, and aware of the need to keep the doctors' warning to himself. He is aware of the rich good will it would bring his country and the crown if he were to be the first royal pilot to crash the round barrier. He asks only one question: "Is the aircraft pressurising completely sound?"

President Kindberger reassures him. Up goes Bernhard with test pilot Joe Lynch in a trainer F80. Bernhard's sortie bang is heard all around America. Three days later pilot Joe crashes and is killed.

But these problems with which the "gay prince" has been faced all through his life are nothing to the anxiety which the activities of faith healer Greet Hofmans in her influence with his queen are known to have caused him.

As an old friend I have tried to discuss this tricky subject with him. But the prince has shut up like a clam every time. "I simply cannot and will not discuss it, on or off the record," he says.

From other sources, including Miss Hofmans herself, I have been able to learn details which make the prince's anxieties and the concern of the Cabinet and the Churches in Holland only too understandable.

It is a strangely conflicting picture that is revealed. I cannot imagine a happier or more devoted family than that which I found at Soestdijk when I was invited there only

a few weeks ago. The queen was fuelling in the most motherly fashion over Prince Bernhard, who, she insisted had a touch of flu.

She was indignant that he would neither have his temperature taken nor go to bed. I could see no sign of strain between the queen and her elder daughters, but according to what I have heard from people who are in touch, they are said to be taking their father's side most strongly against the faith healer's circle.

Maybe the truth is that the queen is torn between her strong and powerful devotion to her husband and life of depression and resentment over the tragic fate of her little daughter Marijke.

These moods, from what I hear, have been occurring more and more frequently of late, possibly as a result of the new

pains which Princess Marijke is feeling in her blind left eye.

When these moods have hold of the queen she is apt to turn her bitterness against the prince, his relatives and his friends.

For she has been accepting the explanation but forward by Miss Hofmans and those supporting the faith healer at Court.

This is Miss Hofmans' failure, to make good her promise and give full sight to the little princess's eyes to the lack of faith in Miss Hofmans on the part of the "frivolous" prince and his "frivolous friends." In particular the prince's frivolous mother.

My information—and the prince refuses to confirm, deny, or even discuss it—is that the prince on his side bitterly resents the unjust accusations constantly being made against him and his friends. They are accusations which he has been able to prove in all cases to be completely false and baseless.

## Divorce? Don't believe it

**M**ORE than anything he is, I understand, deeply grieved over the attacks on his mother Princess Armgard who not long ago was received into the Roman Catholic Church. For almost a year now the prince's mother has not visited her family at Soestdijk.

Presumably it is this resentment over the "exiling" of his mother that has made the prince take the dramatic step of refusing to celebrate his birthday this year at the palace of Soestdijk.

Normally three to four hundred guests attend the prince's birthday garden party at Soestdijk on June 29. No invitations at all were sent out this time. Instead there was a small party for the prince at his mother's house at Warmelo attended only by the princesses and the prince's closest personal friends. According to my information Queen Juliana refused to attend.

But don't for this reason believe these reports about an impending divorce.

The royal family is the cornerstone of family life in deeply religious Holland. A divorce would be a body blow at the whole nation. It is unthinkable.

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Monday: IS THE PRINCE SO 'FRIVOLOUS'?

## RAHMAN'S TERMS FOR BASES

From RUSSELL SPURR

Kuala Lumpur

**P**REMIER Prince Abdul Rahman told me that Britain would only get military bases in independent Malaya if:

(1) The remaining British forces were grouped into a Commonwealth strategic reserve forbidden to support any SEATO operation;

(2) The troops were concentrated unobtrusively in special areas as not to look like "an army of occupation";

(3) They did not at any time interfere in Malaya's internal security; and

(4) They evacuated any barracks, airfields or training grounds the Malayan Government required on payment or replacement.

The mild, cigarette-smoking Malay prince, who is leading the rubber-rich Malayan Federation to independence next year, insisted that his countrymen would take nothing less.

Britain had already agreed to all but a few small points of detail, and a mutual defence pact would be signed later this year.

Said Prince Abdul: "SEATO is a sore point with my people. There is a lot of opposition to it here. We do not want to enter into anything which attaches us to some power bloc on the threshold of independence."

Here was a man who took power a little over a year ago, who outwitted Communist terror leader Chin Peng.

The bright, air-conditioned office was itself a sign of changed times. A path led down to it through tennis courts of the old British Residency.

The lovely hilltop house is now Prince Abdul's official home. The Malayan Premier was brutally frank. Malaya would never join with unilly Singapore as long as he had any say in the matter. He had enough trouble controlling the immigrant Chinese population of Malaya without bringing Singapore Chinese.

His words will be a bombshell to Singapore politicians who hope to preach union with the Federation.

Prince Abdul dismissed them almost contemptuously. "My Malay party holds the balance of power in Singapore," he said. "That is why Singapore leaders keep coming to seek my advice."

The Communists? "As far as I am concerned, the rebellion is over. We are getting plenty of co-operation from the public. There is a change of heart all round."

Politics? "I have more solid political backing than any other Premier in Asia. But the last thing I want to be is a dictator."

Problem? "I have now at all. I have to be careful in seeing that all people in Malaya are kept peaceful and contented. But so far fate has been kind to me."

Silk-robed Prince Abdul sat back smiling. "I am a happy man. Whether things will go on this way or no, I cannot say."

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis





# THE ATOM WIVES DON'T LIVE IN 1984

At Harwell, Britain's first atom town, the atmosphere is more like Mrs Dale's Diary

By Kenneth Allsop

IN the prefab with an absolutely uninterrupted view of a couple of atomic piles, the Harwell scientist's young wife was telling me about the life that circulates around Britain's first atom town. It sounded much more like Mrs Dale's Diary than Nineteen Eighty-Four.

"People seem to think we live behind bars," I was told, and have to get passes to go out shopping," she said. "I wish it could be understood that we're just ordinary wives with children, living the same sort of life we would anywhere else. And I'd much rather my husband was working here than, say, down a coal-mine. You can be sure everything's safe here, you see."

The Establishment itself is a compact grouping of stark Ministerial architecture—brick cubes and angular bulimetrics looking like a Slough factory estate—enclosed by cherry orchards and the ridges of the Berkshire Downs.

Around it snakes three miles of eight-foot chain-wire fence. On the site itself are 200 prefabs—but most of the thousands of Harwell families live well outside the fence, in neighbouring villages and in the little towns of Abingdon, Didcot and Wantage.

## The policy

And deliberately so—for the policy of the Atomic Energy Authority is to segregate its staff so that they do not feel like a rare breed of Red Indian preserved within a reservation. Said Miss M. A. Jordan, welfare officer at Harwell since it was opened in 1945: "We are not a race apart hemmed around by censorship. Everyone is encouraged to mix in with the locals."

So small housing estates have been scattered about the area. In Didcot I called on Mrs Norman Jackson, wife of a £1,000-a-year chemist. Her husband came to Harwell six years ago from Chalk River Plant, the Canadian atomic station. On the wall hung a deer's head trophy of Mr Jackson's hunting forays in the Ontario forests.

"We enjoy life here tremendously," said Mrs Jackson, a blonde energetic mother of three children. "I'm secretary of the Didcot Townswomen's Guild, and we go swimming and picnicking through the summer. There's never a shortage of things to do."

## Resentment

"In the early days there was a bit of resentment locally about the Harwell people. It was thought we were making atom bombs and if anything went wrong with the weather or the wireless set, it was all blamed on the atom. But now everyone seems to have settled down together."

Did she, I asked, worry about her husband? "Never," she replied. "During the war when he was working on gas a container burst in his face. Compared with that

sort of risk Harwell seems completely safe."

Mrs Douglas Allan, whose husband is a physicist in the nuclear physics division, took a similarly practical view.

"The only thing that bothers me is that he travels every day along the Newbury road, which has a terrible accident record," she said. "As for Harwell, I think we're probably living in the safest spot in Britain. If there was any fall-out of this bomb dust, that's just been reported, it would be immediately detected here."

The Allans live in a pleasant semi-detached £1,500-a-year standard close of houses in Abingdon. "When we were living on the site in 1946 we were a very enclosed community and had little contact with the local people. And husbands talked shop all the time! Now we feel to be very much part of Abingdon."

## Three children

In her spare time from looking after her three children, Mrs Allan designs and paints scenery for productions at Abingdon's Unicorn Theatre.

Does security impinge upon the atom wives' lives? Said Mrs Allan, "I suppose if we decided to take a holiday in Russia we might run into difficulties, but personally I've never been asked a question by a security man."

Mrs William Hardwick, a Canadian who met her Oxford graduate husband when they were both working at the Chalk River Plant, once had a visit from a security man who briefly "sniffed around" her Chilton prefab.

"Apart from that and the police cars that patrol the area at night, there's very little official secrets atmosphere to notice," she said. "The Hardwicks are now building their own contemporary-style house among the thatch of nearby Upton—which implies a settled long-term attitude towards a career at Harwell. When I asked Mrs Hardwick how she felt about her husband's duties, she said: 'If you mean do I think he is being radio-activated down to his fingernails, I don't. You see, I've worked in atomic research myself, and I have complete faith in the precautions taken. But,' she added, 'I do have a twinge when I hear the sirens

sounding for an emergency practice. Welfare and social activities are elaborately organised at Harwell. There are 35 different clubs, rugby and old-time dancing, musical groups and singing societies. The social club has a bar, a chapel and a cinema. There are racial and child welfare clinics, nursery and primary schools, shops and delivery services from the local towns. All has been done to provide the resources for a complete life."

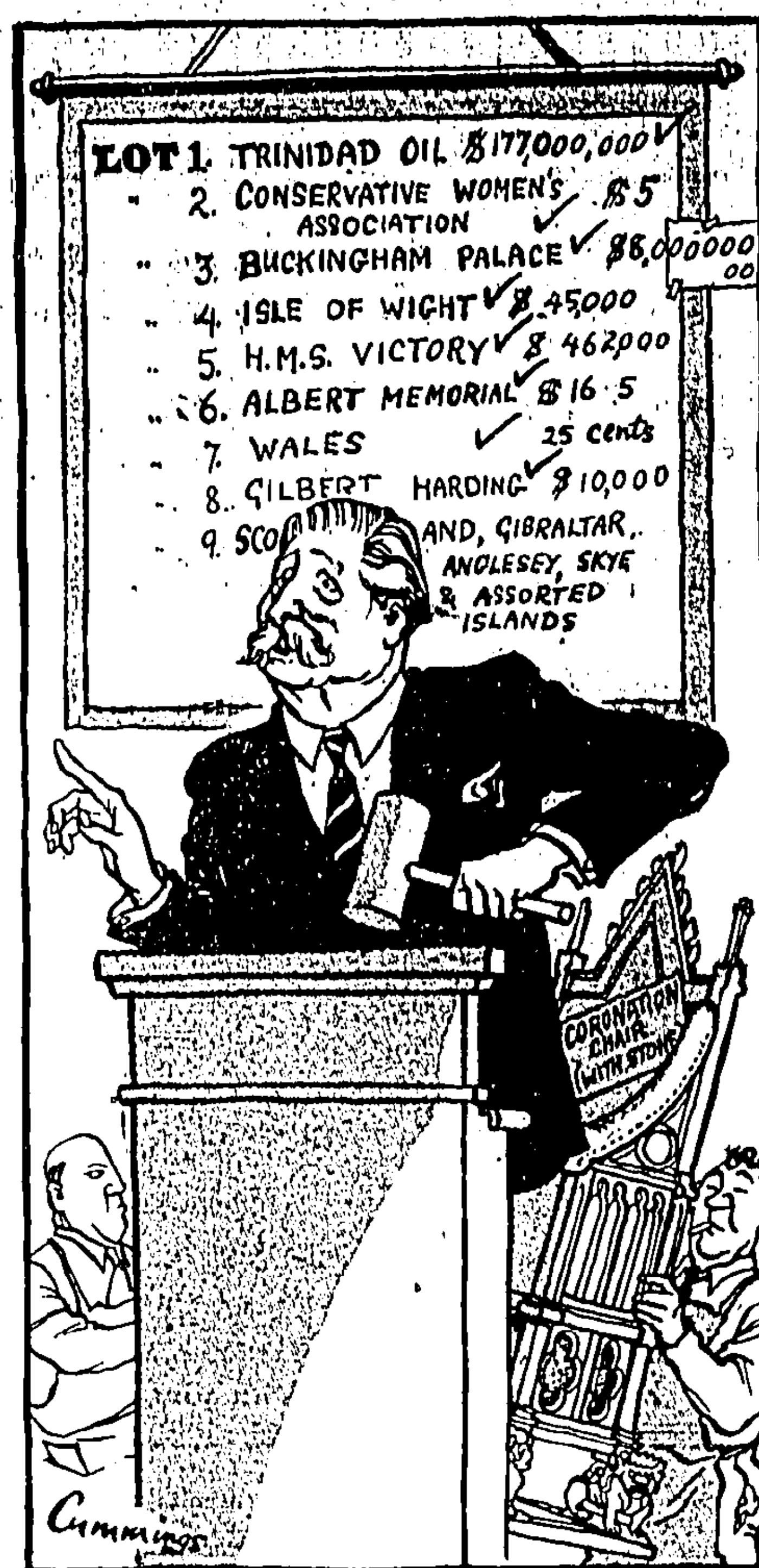
## An inspector

So there are all-round Harwell families like the Evenings, Edward an inspector of police, his wife Miriam a receptionist at the hotel, and 16-year-old daughter Barbara a clerk in the extra-mural research department.

And, last of all, I talked with 21-year-old Nathalie who married 27-year-old Frederick Clarke a month ago. They met when she came to Harwell to work as a scientific assistant. Now they are waiting for a house to be allocated to them and to make for themselves a new life together under the skyline of the atomic piles.

"You see," said Mrs Clarke, "apart from the fact that there are probably more facilities here for an active social life than in most towns, there is also the feeling that everyone shares—of taking part in building something new, exciting and very important, of being in right at the beginning of the atomic age."

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"GOING --- GONE! TO THE GENTLEMAN IN THE STETSON HAT AND THE CADILLAC!"

## LIFE WITH ALLEN PLENTY IN THE NEWS

By GERALD ALLEN

"HAVE you lit the boiler?" Molly asked sharply. "Yes, dear," I answered mildly. It was quite obvious from the tone of her voice that Molly was in one of her moods. "What with?" came the next question. "Furnace, wood, a little coal, and when well alight, after ignition by means of a match, I sprinkled liberally some Welsh nuts."

"You've burnt my new frock." "No, dear—just paper, wood, a little." "You've burnt the magazine with my pattern in it as well, purpose frock for two-and-ninety. I gave my fingers to the bone making my own clothes, and what do you do? You deliberately destroy everything you can lay hands on."

When Molly gets as fretful as that, I usually try to jolly her up. Sometimes it works. It didn't take long for me to realise that this wasn't one of my lucky days. The more jolly I was, the more unreasonable she became. "If you haven't burnt it, you must have thrown it away."

"No, dear." "Don't just say 'no, dear'—look in the shed."

I LOOKED in the shed. The blunt end of the garden rake chose the same moment to look out of it. It seemed to have been waiting just behind the door for me. The little incident would have been funny if it had happened to someone else. It was a pity Molly wasn't watching; it would have brightened her up.

All our old papers are kept in a sack which I dragged into the kitchen. "It's always the same when we've lost something," said

Molly bitterly. "The whole place has to be turned upside down."

I was too busy to react to this unfair attack, but almost any old newspaper, whether a week or fifty years old, seems packed with pithy items. The first headline I noticed read, FIND-ME-A-BRIDE MAN ATTACKED BY BUZZARD.

Unfortunately, the story was too grease-stained to be legible, but it whetted my appetite for the horoscope column which told me to beware of speculation, to hasten slowly, not to put all my eggs into one basket, to grasp the nettle firmly, to remember that opportunity only knocks once, and that it was a good week for a mild flutter.

SLIGHTLY confused, I then discovered that my lucky stone was a bloodstone, a piece of information which seemed oddly appropriate. If I recollect, ESCORTED CONVICT SAVES CONSTABLE'S AUNT roused my interest to fever pitch, somewhat cooled when I read that the convict had escaped and been recaptured ten years ago. He had recently been engaged on repair work in the governor's quarters when a large oil painting, sometimes wrongly attributed to Constable, had fallen on his head.

The picture, believed to be of the artist's aunt—it looked like somebody's uncle, judging by the press photo—might have been severely damaged if the convict hadn't had the good fortune to be underneath it when it fell. Although still in a critical condition, the man had told "our special reporter" that he was deeply moved by a letter of thanks he had had from the "Friends of Arts and Crafts Association."

Then, so many critics in the last fortnight, and the end of the world having been prophesied for last Tuesday by a rather long-haired sort of scientific society, it seemed amazing we'd weathered the storm.

My attention was then attracted by a criticism of a film Molly and I saw recently. I hadn't thought much of the picture, but apparently there had been some delightful touches that I'd overlooked. The article strongly hinted that only the critic himself and the film's director could be expected to notice the finer points, so I didn't take the matter too much to heart.

Also, it occurred to me that the critic probably saw the film straight through, instead of having to pick up the threads of the plot owing to arriving in the middle of it, after twenty minutes queuing in the rain.

PASSING over a picture entitled CHORUS GIRL COUNTDOWN TO WEDDING OCCASION, I saw a brief surmise as to who was getting the best bargain, I commented on a rather puzzling article by a footballer I'd never heard of, recently transferred for a king's ransom, in which he complained that his career was being ruined by his rivals' jealousy.

Apparently missing a broken heart, he was shown laughing happily with his team-mates. Anyway, I was pleased to read that his wife, liked the new house supplied by his club!

A rather snappy picture with the caption REDDITCH GIRL FOR MISS BRITAIN intrigued me, and I was soon deep in the tale of the joys and heartaches of the best-looking girl in a packing factory, when the spell was broken by Molly's asking what I was doing.

"Looking for your pattern, dear," I said, hastily shuffling a few papers.

"It was in my work-basket all the time," she said. "Can't think why you didn't see it there."

Regrettably, I pushed the papers back into the sack, and put the sack back in the shed. But I'm ever short of a good book, I know just where to find something interesting to read.

## The Spy At Cliveden.... And The Distinguished Guests Who Talked Too Much

By ROBERT J. EDWARDS

THE Astor family is under fire. It is accused of having entertained a German spy for the week-end in June 1939. And of introducing him to the Prime Minister, Mr Neville Chamberlain, and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, in such a way that they gave their secrets freely to him.

These charges are being hurled about following the Foreign Office's publication of Adam von Trotz zu Solz's confidential report to the Fuehrer on his visit to Cliveden at the invitation of David Astor, now editor of the family's paper, the Observer.

The top brass of British politics were also at Cliveden. Believing that as a friend of the Astors he could be trusted, they revealed to von Trotz their innermost feelings on the crisis in Europe. These were despatched immediately to von Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, and stamped "Submitted to the Fuehrer."

## Not enough

All this is not enough to convince the friends of von Trotz that he was a secret agent for the Nazis. A considerable defence is being put up for the theory that he was not spying in England for the Germans. He was spying in England for the English.

Complains Mr Astor: "His report, addressed to the German Foreign Office, has been treated as if it correctly represented von Trotz's opinions and the purpose of his visit."

Why was the British Foreign Office hostile towards Trotz? Possibly, says Astor, because his fellow Oxford undergraduates disliked his loyalty to Germany

and his refusal to emigrate, and influential official opinion against him.

Mrs Christabel Bielenberg, who with her husband knew von Trotz in Berlin, says: "The whole picture would be distorted should it be thought that von Trotz was a Nazi at the time, or that his mission was Nazi-sponsored."

No one, she added, should believe that the von Trotz report need necessarily be an accurate account of what he heard. He came to England at the suggestion of the German resistance. Lady Cripps, wife of the late Sir Stafford, and yet another of von Trotz's friends, has also defended him. And so has Mr Richard Lowenthal, Mr Lowenthal is diplomatic correspondent of the Observer.

## Valuable well

But von Trotz zu Solz was a spy nevertheless. Why else did he come to England? His report to the Fuehrer was headed "Fact-Finding Visit to Britain (June 1939)." But his fellow guests thought he was at Cliveden simply as a friend of David Astor.

They were, of course, deceived. Here, as told to Hitler, was how von Trotz won Chamberlain's confidence after his introduction from the Astors.

"I emphasised that I was in England in an absolutely private capacity."

Lord Lothian, who became British Ambassador to Washington, chattered with appalling abandon after pledging von Trotz not to reveal his thoughts to anyone.

After saying "In spite of Lothian's request for secrecy, the idea he communicated to me must naturally be included in this report as being of political

importance," von Trotz zu Solz particularly warned the Fuehrer against losing this valuable well of information.

"I urgently request that Lothian's name should not be allowed to reach the public in this connection," he wrote, "because, in that event, he would make no more confidential statements to me."

## Strong influence

What was Lord Lothian's confidential statement? That British public opinion would be appeased if Hitler withdrew from Bohemia and Moravia. Then the Fuehrer "could draw under his spell the feeling of all Europe," and "paralyse his enemies."

Why was it important? Because, Trotz told Hitler: "In the circle of Astor, Halifax, Chamberlain, etc., Lothian exercises very strong influence—since he is undoubtedly the cleverest and most supple politician among them...and has an instinctively correct appreciation of the greatness of our Fuehrer."

The news that, in the privacy of Cliveden, there were statements sympathetic to Germany, had been encouraging to Hitler. It may have convinced him that he could go ahead with the invasion of Poland without fear of British intervention.

And no doubt the Fuehrer was happy to hear from Chamberlain, via von Trotz, that the small group of Conservatives who were rebelling against him—Eden, Churchill, Duff Cooper—could be completely ignored.

Reporting statements that immediate concessions should be made to Germany, the industrious von Trotz zu Solz said, with masterly understatement: "It is at any rate interesting that

such positive views are to be found in the immediate entourage of the Prime Minister."

Von Trotz recorded propaganda successes on top of his other achievements. For three hours he expounded his case for Germany so effectively, he claimed, that he "caused consternation" among the Astors' guests.

He complained bitterly about "the feverish rearmament psychosis in Britain" and advised the politicians present that the way for peace was for Britain to have fewer arms.

He had, so he said, a private talk with Lord Dufferin, now the Earl of Home, who was MP for South Lanark.

"He promised to influence Oliver Stanley, the President of the Board of Trade...with the result that, on the day after the speeches by Halifax and Chamberlain, Stanley also spoke in Parliament in favour of a more practically accommodating attitude towards Germany."

## Secret report

I have read Stanley's speech. It was certainly along the lines claimed.

Von Trotz's secret report to Hitler was 3,000 words long. Every one of those words confirms the present Foreign Office belief that he was a spy.

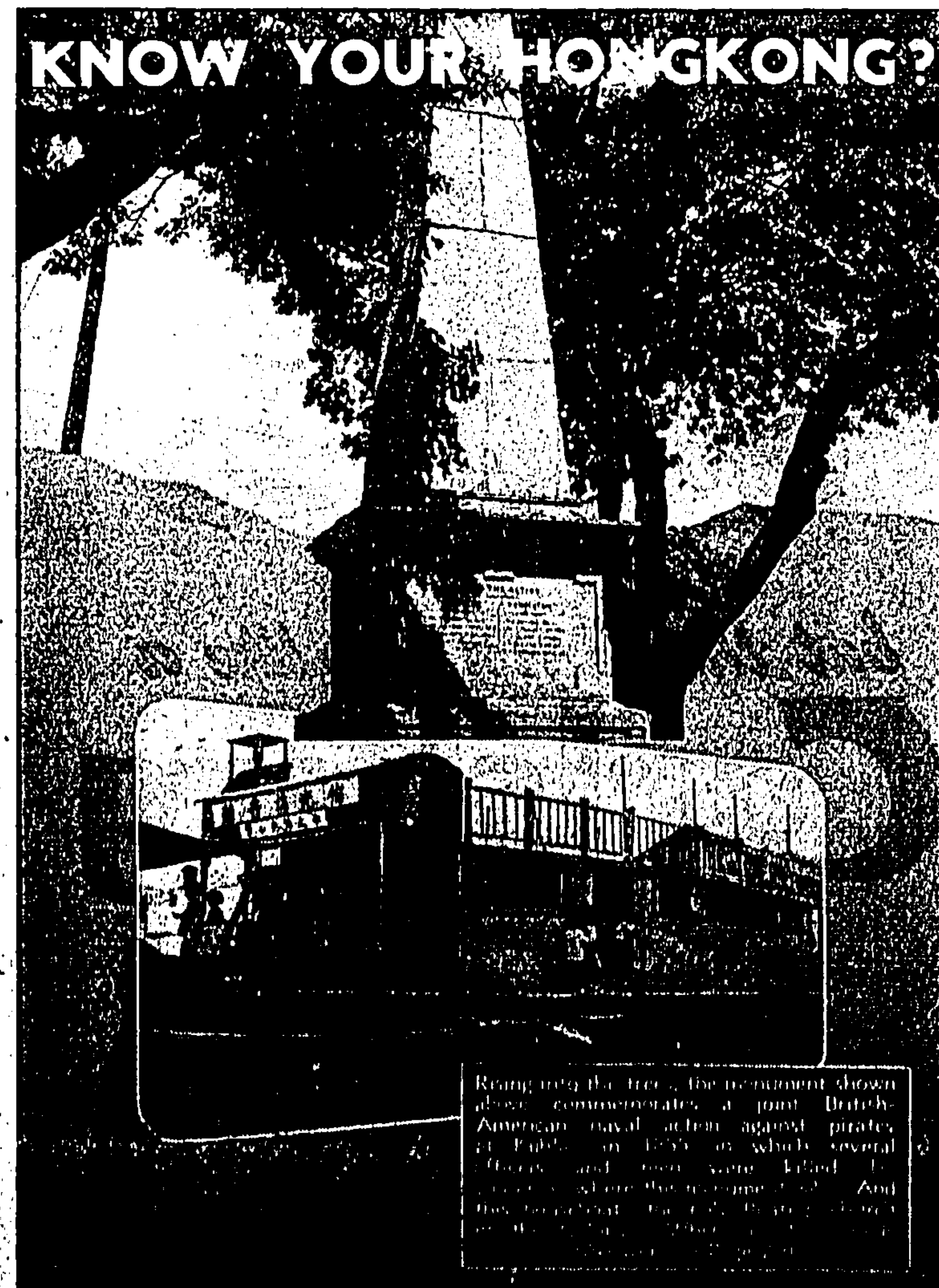
The Astors would not have entertained him if they had known that, when the other guests were asleep, he was at work in his Cliveden bedroom sending off their confidences to Berchtesgaden.

And David Astor, of course, would not have invited him.

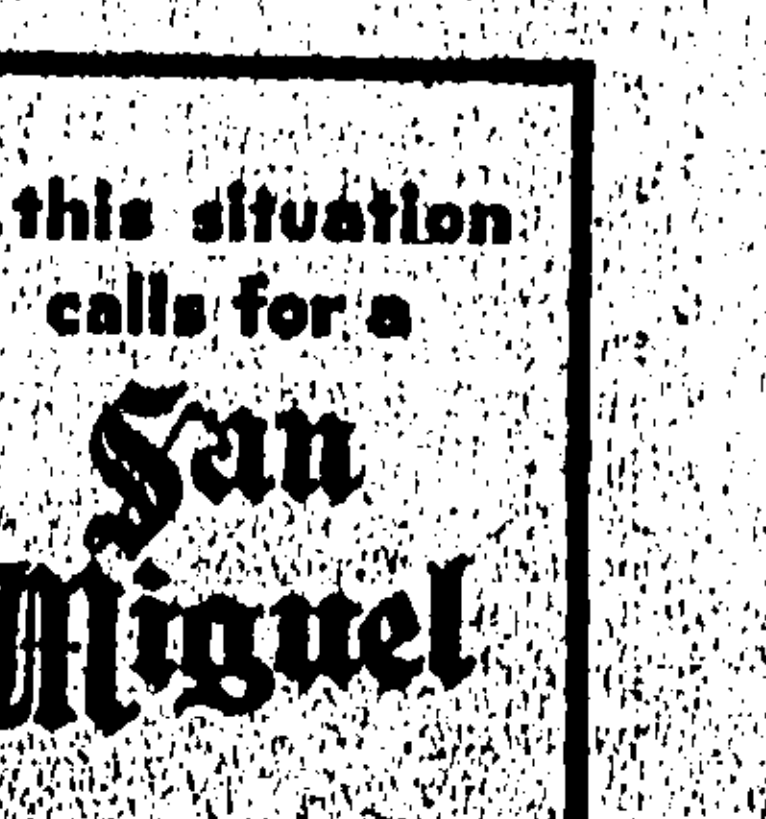
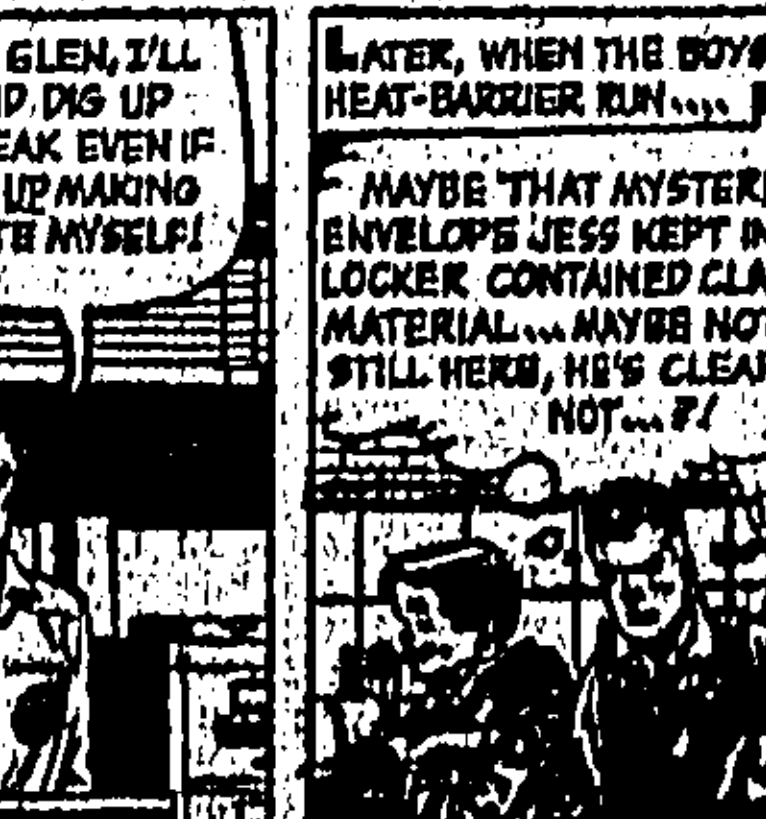
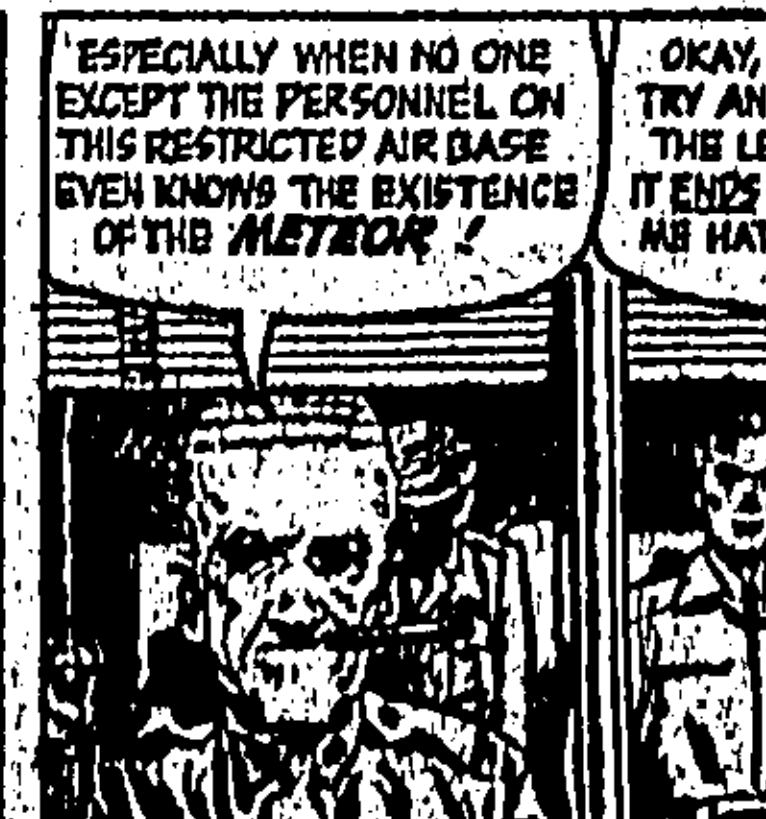
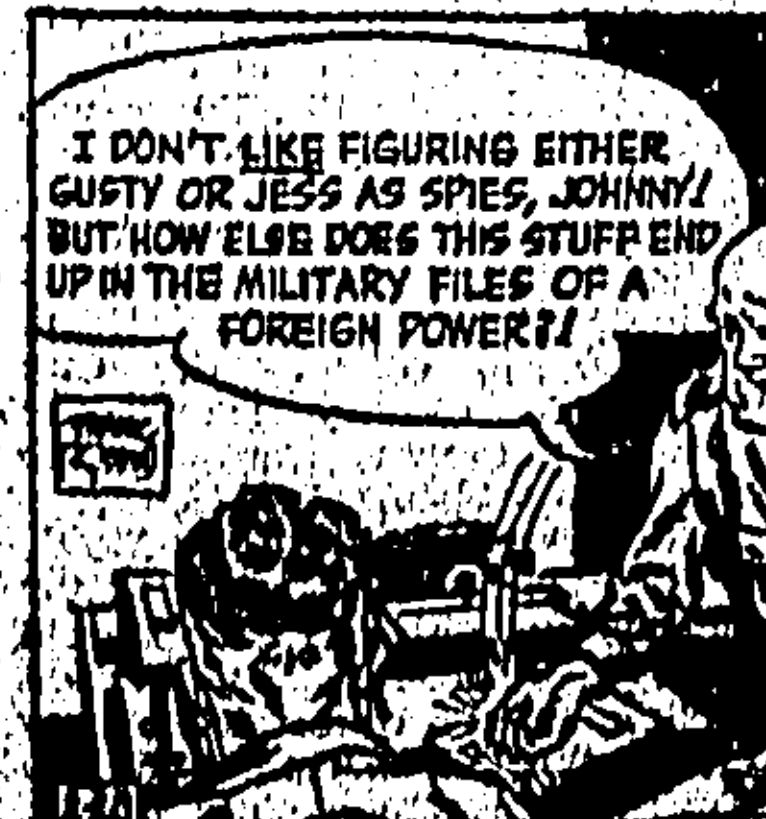
Should he be blamed for this unhappy incident? I think not. The responsibility must rest upon the distinguished Cliveden guests for failing to show the elementary caution that a nation has the right to expect of its leaders.

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By Frank Robbins



## JOHNNY HAZARD



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

tells of the most wonderful trip of her life

# I've actually been in a real Russian home

—AND IT WAS JUST LIKE AN ENGLISH COUNTRY WEEK-END

I CAN'T accustom my eyes to the splendour of England after Russia. I can't get used to the beautiful women who throng the streets in their sumptuous clothes, and I am dazzled by the fine food you can order in every little

restaurant. And the men here—so polite, well-dressed and handsome, with their sunny smiles, shaved faces, ties, braces, and sock suspenders.

I CAN'T shake off the mullish look that has settled on my features. Smiles and politeness are not the right weapons

in Moscow. I have learned the technique of sitting and sitting and staring and staring. The man at Intourist tells you over and over again that you can't take a plane to Leningrad without giving a day's notice. You tell him over and over again that you want to go that afternoon.

He pretends not to understand. You pretend not to understand. The one with the most staying power wins. (Me.) I CAN'T forget the stirring things I have seen on the most wonderful trip of my life.

## THE CHURCH—such sadness

I WENT to a service at the monastery of Zagorsk, 50 miles from Moscow, with priests in gold robes, choir chanting, incense, and all the gorgeous ritual of the Greek Church. My heart turned over at the utter sadness in the faces of the peasants who filled the church, a race of agonised, hopeless dwarfs who look neither better nor worse than the serfs of 200 years ago.

I FLEW to Leningrad (built by Peter the Great), one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, the old streets and Baroque

palaces built on a sparkling chain of rivers and canals. And I saw its famous museum, the Hermitage, with a collection of pictures which must rival the Louvre. There are priceless paintings of every school, from two Leonardos to a large gallery of Gauguins.

But how does Miss Dawson set about designing the dresses for a period film? Her work starts in the libraries, where she looks up art books with portraits of the time, and old periodicals. "Every age has its own mood and colours," says Miss Dawson, explaining her choice of mauve for a costume for Hildegard Neff to wear as Trilby.

Then follows a visit to the Museum of Costume at Bridge Castle in Sussex, and discussions with the set designer and director.

Local research is also on Miss Dawson's programme. Last year she went on location to Tripoli for the Anthony Steel film Black Tent. And in the tents of the Bedouin women Miss Dawson learned what was worn beneath the enveloping black robes—layers of cloth of gold and pink, green and blue. "And at festive times, like a wedding, when they take the bride to look at the stars five nights in succession, they henna their hands and wear all their jewellery, rings, every finger and earrings all the way along their ears."

"I try to see the picture as a whole. I see the principals against their surroundings and among the other characters. Then comes the moment of depression. Miserably, I get down to drawing."

At night, Miss Dawson sketches to the music of Spanish flamenco on the gramophone and the two cists. She consults with the dressmakers and searches for materials in stores and junk shops. Sometimes Miss Dawson takes a walk down the Portobello Road—where she bought an old lace-covered dress for £2. The lace would have cost more than that a yard to buy; it was used as a trimming for Joan Simmons' dress in Footsteps in the Fog.

REDEEMED

Soon Miss Dawson will be driving to the studios by 7.30 in the morning to attend the fittings for the Sleeping Prince. Apart from dressing Marilyn Monroe and Dame Sybil Thorndike, Miss Dawson is supervising together with Roger Furse, the film's artistic director, the hiring of some 100 or 200 costumes for the ordeal.

Understandably, Miss Dawson says this is the biggest headache of the lot. In his wake it must bring some more moments of depression. But they will be redoubled by the arrival of Miss Monroe.

For when Marilyn does the Monroe Walk in the Dawson dress, competition will be complete.

WOMAN COMPROMISED

London Express Service



PICTURES BY DAVID OLINS

## The thing that you miss most in Moscow



"No, we have no children, alas, but we have a Scotch terrier." (The only dog I saw in Russia).

"My wife does the garden. I'm no good at it. But the chauffeur helps in his spare time."

"You must have another cake. Stop thinking about your figure."

These were a high-up couple in the professional class. And Russia, I might mention, is the most class-conscious country I have ever visited.

## THE BALLET—so brilliant

I WENT to the ballet to see Lepeshinskaya in Coppelia. She is one of the four top ballerinas in Russia. "I have never seen a dancer to compare with her. She was stunningly brilliant."

Ballet is one of the few things that shake the Moscow crowd out of its apathy. It was a pleasure to hear them clap and cheer.

I DROVE into the country to look at the villages, but though some of the landscape near Moscow is beautiful, the villages are just bunches of wooden shacks.

There are no country inns or cafes. I am told, anywhere in Russia, nowhere outside the

large towns where you can buy a meal, or even a drink. Travellers have to go well provided with food. Good villages, I suppose, are a sign of a backward history, which Russia has not.

It took me four days to get a letter of introduction delivered to a man at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

BUT THE NEXT MORNING AT 9 A LARGE CAR AND A FIRST-CLASS INTERPRETER ARRIVED WITHOUT WARNING TO FETCH ME.

I WAS WHISKED off without breakfast or a clue where I was going. (Gael, maybe?) At the door of the Ministry a girl was ready waiting to take me upstairs for my interview, which was friendly and to the point.

I WAS SADDENED all the time at the lead Russia puts on her women. No wonder they are pasty-faced and dour.

## THE WOMEN—carry such load

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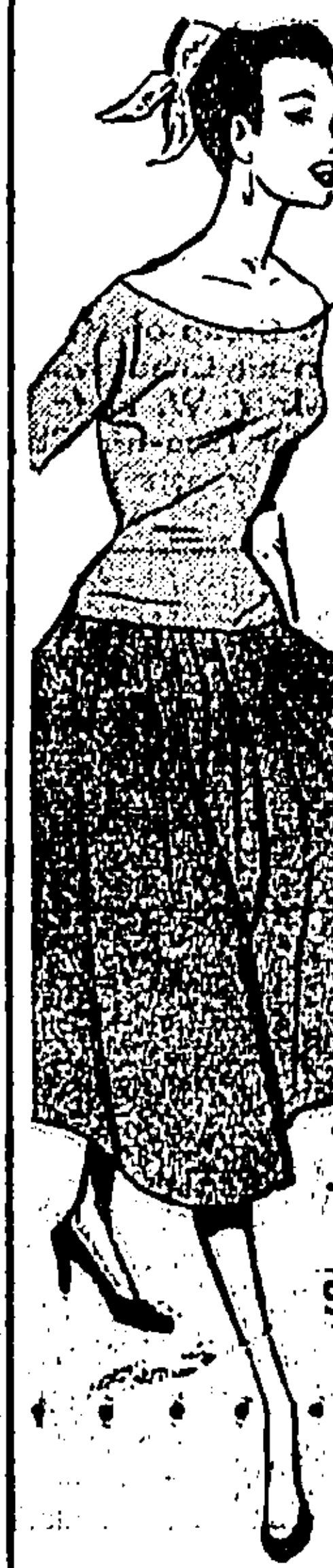
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## SUNDAY EXPRESS

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## Older Women Now Get Job Breaks

Boston. Additional \$1,200 annually in either part-time work or temporary jobs. Home economists, secretaries, public relations experts, social workers, dictators and clerical workers are in demand. The Hixson Secretarial School has been giving refresher courses in shorthand and typewriting free of charge to a number of these older women. Some of these white-haired working girls are widows. Others need extra cash to support invalid husbands. But most of them merely want to keep occupied.—United Press



LEFT: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who went on leave on Tuesday, shaking hands with the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David, before an airplane. Mr David is Officer Administering the Government during the Governor's absence. (Staff Photographer)

WINNERS at the Christ Church baby show with their proud mothers. On left: Joyco Lo, best baby girl in the show, with Mrs. Lo Yuk-shung. Right: Robert Davies-Jones, best boy baby, with Mrs. A. Davies-Jones. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Allen Li were received into the Roman Catholic Church last Saturday when they were baptised by the Rev. Fr T. Doody at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)



THE Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals were hosts on Tuesday at a banquet in honour of the Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, who was elevated to the Knighthood in the Birthday Honours. From left: Mr Y. W. Fong, Mr S. H. Yang, the Hon. Kwok Chan, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, the Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, Mr P. T. Loong, Chairman, and Mr Wilson Wang. (Staff Photographer)

CHRISTENING at the Norwegian Church of Kristin Vibeko, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs S. C. Onsager. The godfather was Mr A. Solberg. (Eddie Ching)



SOME 60 of Professor Gordon King's past students who continued their studies in China during the war years gave him a farewell party at the Sky Restaurant this week. Prof. Gordon King is leaving for Australia. He is seen here with Dr and Mrs T. T. Chin. (Staff Photographer)



EASTERN Athletic Association defeated Army South by three goals to two in the Junior Water Polo League. Here are the players before their encounter in the Victoria Barracks pool. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Distribution of free rice and beans to the poor at the Southern Playground. The gifts were made available to the Hindu Association by Mr and Mrs F. T. Melwani. (Staff Photographer)



YOUNG Mervyn Larken, son of Mr and Mrs Percy H. Larken, receiving a prize from Mrs R. Trueman at the annual prize-giving of the Diocesan Preparatory School. (Staff Photographer)



THE Thai Consul-General and Mrs. Charat Chalokmitlerana (on right) gave a reception at the Gloucester Hotel to celebrate Thai National Day. They are seen with Mr E. F. Drumright, U.S. Consul-General, and Mrs. Drumright. (Staff Photographer)

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LITTLE friends of Gloria Juno Cotton, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. H. Cotton, at her birthday party on Thursday. Gloria's father is Superintendent of the Royal Naval Dockyard Police. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor opened the Salvation Army's new Vocational and Community Centre at Chuk Yuen on Monday. Scene on his arrival for the ceremony. Lt-Col F. E. Jowkes, head of the Salvation Army in Hongkong, welcomed the Governor. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening of Helen Fiona England, baby daughter of Mr and Mrs J. N. England, at St. Stephen's College Chapel, Stanley, last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS B. C. K. Hawkins, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, receiving a bouquet from Mrs Kay Brooks after she had opened the new Handicrafts Shop of the Council for Social Services in Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The new Hongkong representative of the KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Mr J. E. Tjaden, greeting guests at a cocktail party held at the Peninsula Hotel on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



M.R. Gordon M. Bain, Vice-President of Northwest Orient Airlines, arrived in Hongkong this week for a short visit. From left: Mr and Mrs P. L. Benscoter, Mr and Mrs Bain and Mr K. D. McKenney. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: A few of the younger generation who enlivened a hobo dance held at the American Club. (Willie's)



DR W. J. Cator, Netherlands Consul-General, gave a "frosh herring and beer" party at his residence on Wednesday. In picture here he is seen in conversation with Mr and Mrs A. J. van der Weiden. (Staff Photographer)

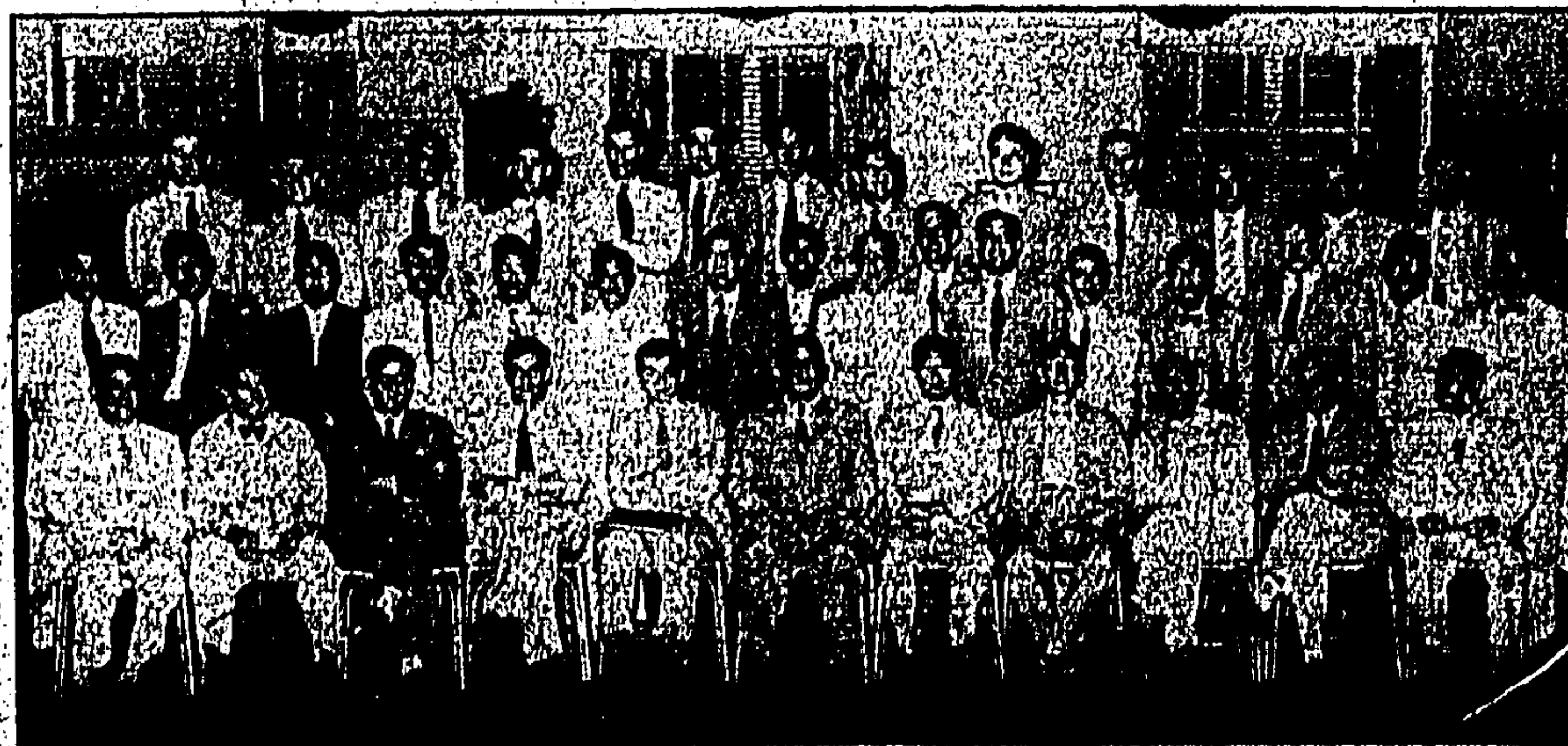


MISS Cynthia Ma, daughter of Mr and Mrs Ronald Ma, who left for the United Kingdom last week to continue her studies, seen off by her friends from the Diocesan Girls' School. Miss Ma is fifth from right.



NURSES of the St John Ambulance Brigade marching up Garden Road to St John's Cathedral last Sunday for the St John Commemoration Service. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Members of the newly-formed Hongkong Society of Architects shown at their inaugural meeting held at the American Club. (Willie's)



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## THE GREATEST VCs OF THEM ALL

By Donald Gomery

Three hundred VCs were in London this week to parade before the Queen to mark the centenary of the Empire and Commonwealth's most treasured award for valour. Who are the greatest of these? Men will argue that for 300 hours. Today the China Mail begins the stories of some of the men who showed qualities outstanding even by the standards of these heroes.

**M**AGENNIS had missed the boat. There had been a bit of a storm in Mombasa and there at anchor a quarter of a mile out was the Götter Kämpfer.

But the liberty ship that should have taken Magennis from jetty to destroyer that had gone.

So he dived in asking the sharks he had seen clustering round ships looking for refuse. But he swam to the wreck ship in the dark.

He climbed on the coast of Capetown.

He was landed into a boat and sent to his own ship with a note from the effect of the watch for his captain. He was on a ship now, Magennis.

But when he was brought before the captain in the morning he was a twinkle in the old man's eye. "Two things were out of the ship and I was very tired. The punishment one day's stoppage of leave."

Only later did Magennis learn what the Captain's officer of the watch had written in that note: "Found this floating in the water. If it isn't yours, throw it back in the ditch."

### DEVIL-MAY-CARE FROM BELFAST

**W**ELL, that's Magennis for you... happy-go-lucky, devil may care. Paddy Magennis, from Belfast. James Joseph Magennis, V.C.

That's one of the stories Magennis tells. He likes spinning stories—often against himself. The one story that he doesn't often tell is the famous Magennis story....

How he and three others in a midge submarine crept under the Japanese cruiser Takao at the entrance to Singapore that day in '45. How diver Magennis wriggled out in his oxygen helmet and for 45 minutes scraped at the barnacles on the Takao so that the limpet mines would hold.

How he got back to the submarine exhausted, his breathing gear leaking. And then went out again with a spanner because the submarine could not free herself from the mines. Up, up, in a cloud blew the Takao.

Two men got the V.C. that day—Lindsay Seaton and Magennis and his chief, Lieutenant Ian Fraser.



FIRST: THE STORY OF MAGENNIS

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Two men got the V.C. that day—Lindsay Seaton and Magennis and his chief, Lieutenant Ian Fraser.

Strangely how often it was that Magennis had cause to be thankful he was a good swimmer. Like that day the Kndahar hit a mine in the Med. and heeled over to an angle of 45 degrees.

"Abandon ship." That was the order. And who was that sub-lieutenant by the rail with arm raised? The Marquis of Milford

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But, first, what had happened? £3,000. Magennis, V.C., had collected when he was in London? Guess all gone. "Though I didn't go wild on it," said Magennis.

It was just that he was in the limelight after winning the V.C. Life stepped up a bit. Little things. Like an extra round of drinks, perhaps, with friends—and Magennis, even before the V.C., had always plenty of friends.

So the £3,000 was gone. So what? There was this circus job at £25 a week. Twice nightly. Magennis, V.C., was locked inside a box and lowered into a tank of water. Later, Magennis escaped, swimming, swimming, up to the surface.

But the circus folded its tents after three weeks. So what now?

There were jobs at £7 a week and illness—and bills.

One day he picked up the V.C. and went out and sold it. For £75.

His bills were paid. Magennis was level-pegging with the neighbours again. (For even in Ireland one must keep up with the Meloneses.)

But on the outcry when the news got out that Magennis had sold his V.C. Many people blamed him—blamed him for easily. "They must have thought it was easy to put with the medal," said Magennis. "But

He has to eat. I was pretty desperate. And it was my medal."

Well, he got his medal back. Magennis. The dealer he had sold it to gave it back to him.

Then a series of jobs, and one day as he came home from work his wife in hospital, a neighbour came running to him and said his son David, six years old, had been knocked down.

Magennis raced to that other hospital to see his son. Never in his heart had there been a fear like this.

James Joseph Magennis, V.C., stood at the window of his house in the village of Bessington, near Donaghadee, as he told me all this. We watched the smoke from the stacks of the mine in which he now works.

After his son died he had not been able to stand any longer the house in Belfast with its view of the lane with the hedge where the accident took place. He took a job in the mine.

### THE JOB HE DREAMS OF

**H**E has been working 18 months now down the mine. £9 or £10 a week. They speak well of his work.

But I think I know the job that he would like best; the job he dreams of. I believe he longed again for the life of the sea. Not, mark you, the life of the big ships. ("After the war I didn't fancy the peace-time Navy again; too much spit-and-polish—and I was always needing a haircut.")

I believe he longed for the feel of the sea around him again; a frogman, perhaps, or a diver; once more to be swimming, swimming.

And the kitchen! Miss Monroe—you'd love it.

THUNDERFLASH

**T**HE debt most popular band leader—Tommy Kinsman—is suffering from a practical joke by Cambridge undergraduates.

He was in a car with a party after a party, and while the car went through Hyde Park a joker in the car threw a thunderflash—a giant fireworks.

It was meant to go through the window, but it missed and fell at Tommy's feet. Everybody scrambled out before the explosion—except Tommy, who

wasn't quite so fast as those bright young men, being slightly grey around the temples. The thing exploded at my feet.

The result is that my hearing has been affected, and I am still very much on edge. I have had to see a specialist.

## SIXTY BOYS ON THE BALL

By Romany Bain

**O**N Monday, June 25, the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships started at Wimbledon, and the William Baker Technical School at Goldings, Herts, started a two-week mid-term holiday.

This is not a coincidence. The 60 ball boys who patrol the 15 courts at Wimbledon are taken from this Dr Barnardo's school, and for the last nine years they have been trained in the fine art of ball bearing by their fiery 41-year-old Welsh chaplain and vice-principal, the Rev. Sidney Charles Corbett.

There is tremendous competition among the boys, says Mr Corbett, with a Land of our Fathers lilt. "We start at Easter to raise their interest by showing them Davis Cup matches

"Absolute stillness during play" is their creed. No player must ever be kept waiting for the ball, and it must be bounced to him at exactly the right speed and distance. "It takes a lot of practice," the Rev. Sidney Corbett reminds me.

The ball boys have to know the stars' moods and temperaments, too. Dribby likes the ball boys as far away as possible from his serving arm. The ambidextrous Beverly Tucker-Fleitz drops her second ball after service, and does not like it to be picked up. "And when Art Larson gets going he can be very awkward, but the boys all know it's just Art."

Also in the line of duty are errands for cold tea, sweetbreads, salt tablets or glucose pills. But not all boys stand and wait on those who serve. Two at the net have to kneel—"It's a bit tiring, but it keeps their heads out of the cameras' way."



and a film called Glorious Wimbledon. Then as soon as the tennis weather comes, the 200 boys start hanging about with rackets and balls, and we start weeding them out."

The chosen 60 have three final weeks of intensive training. Coaching is rigorous and thorough, and the Barnardo boys take their duties very seriously. At 15 you are in your prime for the Centre Court.

For two weeks, they are at the spotlight beck and call of hopeful champions, whose match nerves are strung as tight as their match rackets. An ill-timed move at the base line can win or lose a vital set point, and a forgotten ball by the net can trip up the most fancied seed. So the boys are taught a court etiquette as rigid as any at Buckingham Palace.

On the great day they pack into two coaches, and make the daily 40-mile trip up the A10 to Wimbledon.

With hair slicked, purple-and-green All England shirts and, black plimsolls, they take up their positions. On the Centre Court there are six boys always at the ready. The number decreases as the court numbers rise.

"Their tennis is full of good ideas and smashing shots," he chuckles, reminiscently.

Then the claims of English Lawn Tennis are finished for another year, and he can return to the game closest to his Welsh heart—Rugby Football.

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# DISASTER CAME SO CASUALLY

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER.  
By Walter Lord. Longmans.  
16s. 188 pages.

Aboard the Titanic ice-warnings were treated too lightly. And ten miles away from the sinking liner was another ship with a wireless set . . . . . unmanned.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

"A Night to Remember" is a book not to put down.

A MIRROR FOR NARCISSEUS. By Norgley Farson. Collins, 16s. 302 pages.

FARSON, in his mid-sixties, takes up the task of writing his autobiography for the third or, maybe, the fourth time. The alert reader is haunted by recollections of earlier Farson volumes.

As a restless, swashbuckling New England engineer-turned-journalist, he has:

1—A gift for the snap portrait and the swift impression.  
The Columbian poet William Valencia lolls on his couch covered with black panther skins.

2—A sense of drama and a rarer sense of comedy: Swizzle, the little American blonde, seeing the Royal Mail boat in Panama Canal dock, says: "The power of the water must be awfully strong to lift that audacious big thing."

3—"The chief thing wrong with colonialism . . . it has never been applied."

4—An underlying dis-appointed ideal, that nations are healthy if they are close to the cultivation of their own soil.

Farson's inclusive, melancholy, talent is as strong as ever, although some of his material is, necessarily a little worn. Autobiography can only be written once.

## THE CHINA THAT WAS

ELEGANT FLOWER, by Desmond Neill. John Murray. 18s. 202 pp.

DESMOND Neill went in Singapore at the end of World War II as a junior officer in the military administration. Greatly attracted to the place and its people, he decided to stay and, after joining the Malayan Civil Service, was sent to Amoy to study Hokkien, the predominant dialect of the Chinese population of Singapore.

In this book he describes his driftal struggles with the language, his encounters with his teachers and friends, Chinese and non-Chinese in and around the Amoy district, and brief excursions to Shanghai, Peking and Formosa.

It is a story of a China that belongs to the past, though of recent recollection—for the take-over of the country by the Communists has brought vast changes.

One is tempted to wonder whether the people he knew have not already disappeared—the rich Hokkien merchants back from Malaya who winced and dined him; the gentle rogue of a teacher, Mr. Lim, to whom such a lot that Neill did was "kee kwai"; or Kim Peng, the gentleman living quietly in the backwater that was Lungyen, who turned easily from Beethoven and Chopin to Chinese opera and American dance music, all in a short discussion.

### UNDERSTANDING

These characters and the type of life they led in a largely unchanging pattern are familiar to "old China hands."

Neill presents with insight and humour the many facets of their life—their art, their food, their customs, their virtues and their vices.

Living close to the people he acquired an eighteen months a deep understanding of what made them tick, and on his return to Singapore was better equipped to move around with the Chinese there. He now appreciated what once baffled him.

As for one Mr. Neill, for very shortly afterwards he was transferred to Peking, where his perfected Hokkien was as foreign as Hottentot—for the Chinese there spoke Cantonese! And he was to start all over again!

A pleasant, amusing book, well written, showing how a patient, human approach can break down many barriers—ACG.

### LIBRARY LIST

● Escape From Germany. By Aidan Crawley. Collins. 16s. 318 pages. A survey of the art and practice of escaping from POW camps, written with the authority of one who was head of the Escape Intelligence Organisation in Silesia Luft III.

● The Rise of Scotland Yard. By Douglas G. Browne. Harbinger. 25s. 392 pages. Cops and robbers, as played in London these last 120 years. Careful, able, written history of a remarkable British institution, indispensable to the historian and of interest to everyone else.

● Highway of the Sun. By Victor von Hagen. Collins. 16s. 304 pages. The roads the Incas built 500 years ago in the mountains of Peru provide the reason for an adventurous journey of exploration—and an excuse for this narrative by the leader of the expedition.



## Barbirolli puts over a new record deal

Cyril Stapleton's column

I HEARD this week of a big new development in the record world. After nearly 30 years with one company, Sir John Barbirolli has switched to another.

He has left E.M.I. (the His Master's Voice group) and will in future record with Pye. But

this time he will have a big financial share in the set-up, as director of a new company called Pye-Barbirolli.

The reason for the switch is that Sir John was unhappy with E.M.I. "We couldn't see eye to eye over the repertoire," he says.

And I can tell you that he wanted to record Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," but the job went to Sir Malcolm Sargent instead.

I make this prediction. None of the big labels will be giving pop artists directorships. They will stay on their own.

### I'VE HEARD THAT

#### ONE BEFORE

A TUNE which I introduced to Britain over two years ago is already being revived. Remember "Carnivalito"? It's out again under the title of "Kiss Me Another." The singer who has made this disc made her first record over 20 years ago under the name of Freddie Gibson. The song she sang then was written by Louis Armstrong. Title: "If We Never Meet Again."

Said to say it was a flop as far as Freddie was concerned. But she kept on trying. After five years she changed her name and started all over from scratch. But it wasn't until last year, 15 years later, that she managed to hit the Big Time. In that one year she had no less than three records which sold more than a million copies each. This one might be her fourth in America and her first in Britain. Listen to her Nibs, Miss Georgia Gibbs, sing "Kiss Me Another" on Mercury.

#### NOW THEY'RE

#### POPULAR AGAIN

IS it possible that two of the world's most beautiful women have been millstones round the necks of their men?

This thought occurred to me when I was listening to two new long-playing records this week. One by Frank Sinatra, the other by Dick Haymes.

Sinatra, for instance, was on a low ebb when he was married to Ava Gardner. It wasn't until after they parted that Frankie started to regain the popularity he had in "Nancy's day."

Ever since Dick Haymes carried Rita Hayworth over the threshold as his wife he's hardly been heard of, apart from being known as the "Man Rita married."

It wasn't because their ability had suffered. If I remember

rightly Sinatra at least made some wonderful discs during "Ava time." It was just that public attention seemed to get focussed on their private lives rather than on their professional careers. Strangely enough, Sinatra made his big comeback as a straight actor in "From Here to Eternity."

Dick Haymes's excellent singing abilities would appear to have been forgotten until now, when, having parted from Rita, he comes back into the record market in a big way. His new L.P. on Capitol, "Rain or Shine," is well worth listening to. The numbers are all a trifle on the slow side, but they are beautifully sung and delightfully played by the orchestra conducted by Ian Bernard.

Sinatra's newest album, "Songs for Swingin' Lovers," is one of the finest I've heard. Every item is a gem, and Frankie's singing is all equalled by the outstanding musical arrangements of Nelson Riddle, who also conducts.

Incidentally, Sinatra's newest "78" has just been banned by the B.B.C. It's called "I Never Knew" and I played it through new times and failed to spot the offending line.

However, Johnny Johnston, who has recorded the number on Decca with his vocal group—The Johnston Brothers—tells me they have altered one word and their record has been passed by the powers.

They have altered the word "chemical" to "magical."

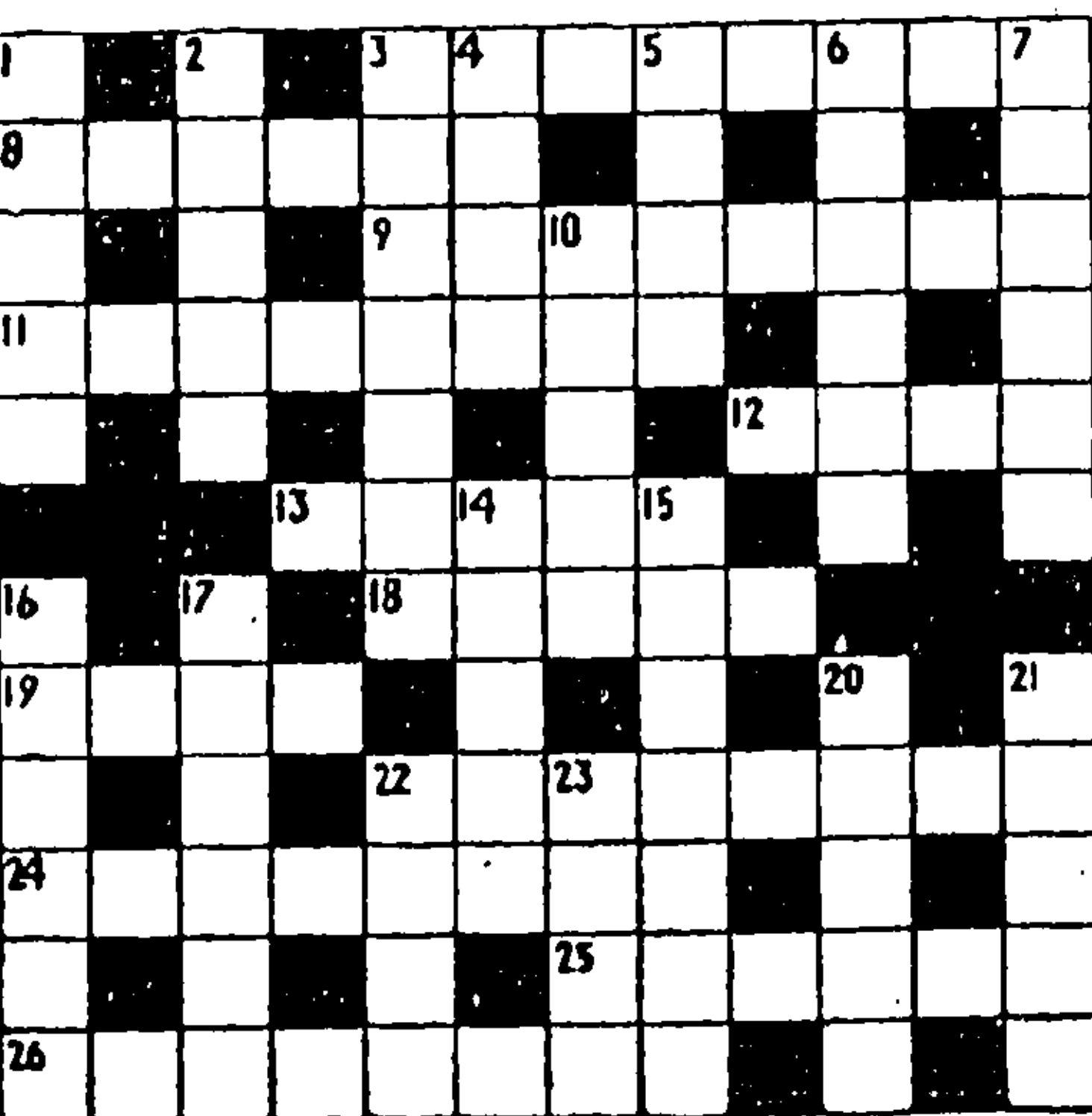
#### ELVIS CLIMBING IN

#### THE TOP TEN

That man Elvis Presley continues to climb the Hit Parade. Last week his two records were 4th and 10th. Now they're No. 3 and No. 9.

- 1 "I'LL BE HOME." Pat Boone (London).
- 2 "LOST JOHN." Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa).
- 3 "HEARTBEAT HOTEL." Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
- 4 "NO OTHER LOVE." Ronnie Hilton (H.M.V.).
- 5 "HOT DIGGITY." Perry Como (H.M.V.).
- 6 "SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL." Billy Haley and his Comets (Brunswick).
- 7 "A TEAR FELL." Teresa Brewer (Vogue-Coral).
- 8 "MY SEPTEMBER LOVE." David Whitfield (Decca).
- 9 "BLUE SUED SHOES." Elvis Presley (H.M.V.).
- 10 "BLUE SUED SHOES." Karl Perkins (London).

## A British Crossword Puzzle



#### ACROSS

- 3 Injuring (8).
- 8 Mend (6).
- 9 Heartened (8).
- 11 Trespasses (8).
- 12 Press (4).
- 13 Headquarters (5).
- 18 Senior member of body (6).
- 19 Spoken (4).
- 22 Plunders (8).
- 24 Young fowl (8).
- 25 Carry on again (6).
- 26 Uncommon places (8).

#### DOWN

- 1 Feature (6).
- 2 Deluge (5).
- 3 Weakened (7).
- 4 Parched (4).
- 5 Deeds (4).
- 6 Refuse to take notice (6).
- 7 Useful contrivance (6).
- 10 Indian soldier (5).
- 14 Might (5).
- 15 Places of worship (7).
- 16 Agree (6).
- 17 Native seaman (8).
- 20 Dudgeon (5).
- 21 Pale (5).
- 23 Clever (4).
- 24 Dried up (4).

YESTERDAY'S (CROSSWORD).—Across: 3 Lilliput, 7 Eerie, 8 Discipline, 10 Amigo, 11 Repress, 15 Made, 17 Amperes, 18 Ashine, 20 Denis, 21 Earnest, 26 Roster, 27 Princess, 28 Elite, 29 Steamers. Down: 1 Debar, 2 Grass, 3 Ledge, 4 Inch, 5 Appear, 6 Thence, 8 Isane, 11 Sense, 12 Iren, 14 Smeared, 15 Means, 16 Dense, 18 Adapt, 19 Inure, 22 Homes, 23 Estate, 24 Tried, 26 Scum.

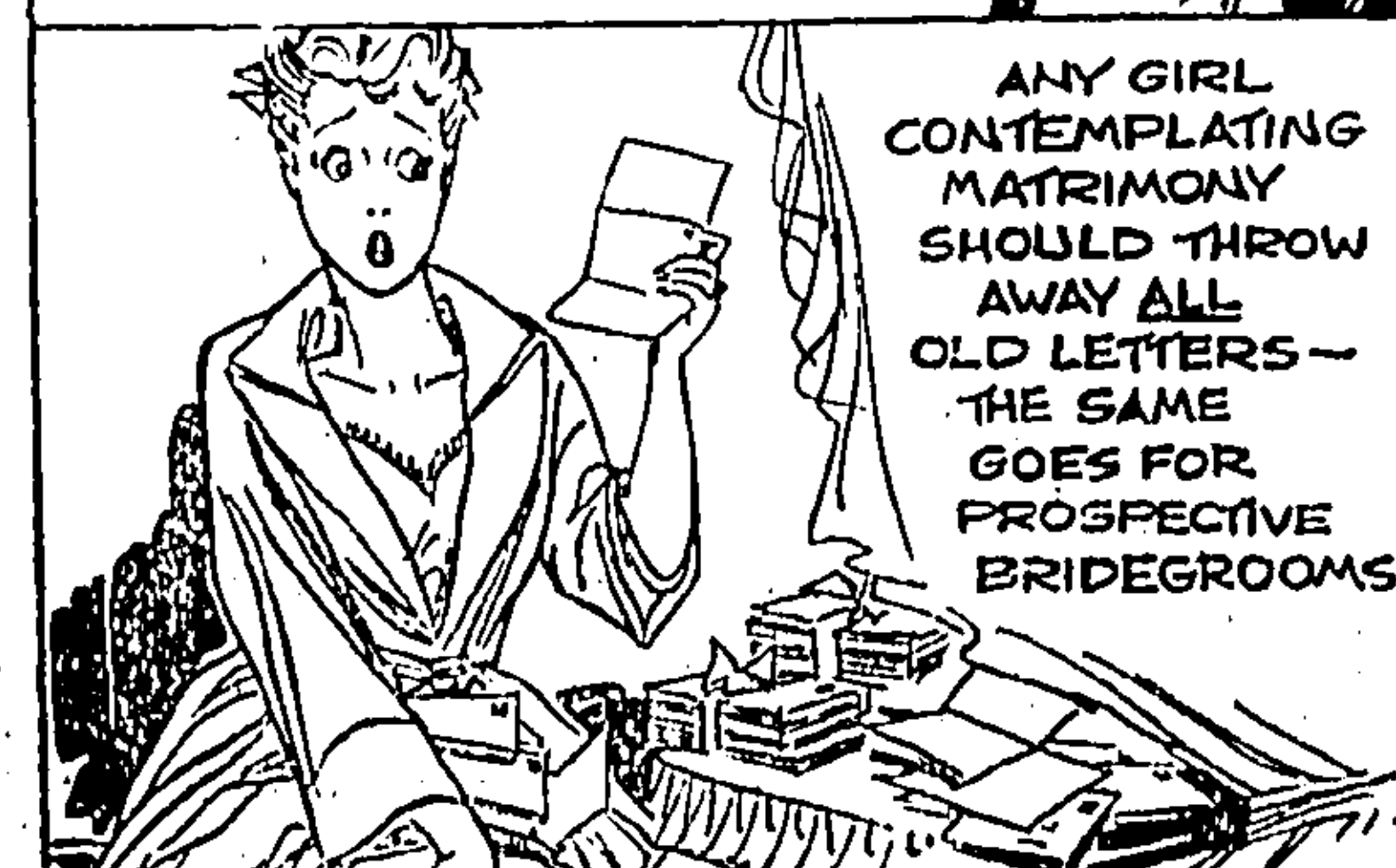
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Throw-Out Week

BY HARRY WEINERT



SPINNING THE RECORDS THAT HAVE BEEN DRIVING HIM BATTY ALL WINTER.



ANY GIRL CONTEMPLATING MATRIMONY SHOULD THROW AWAY ALL OLD LETTERS—THE SAME GOES FOR PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOMS.

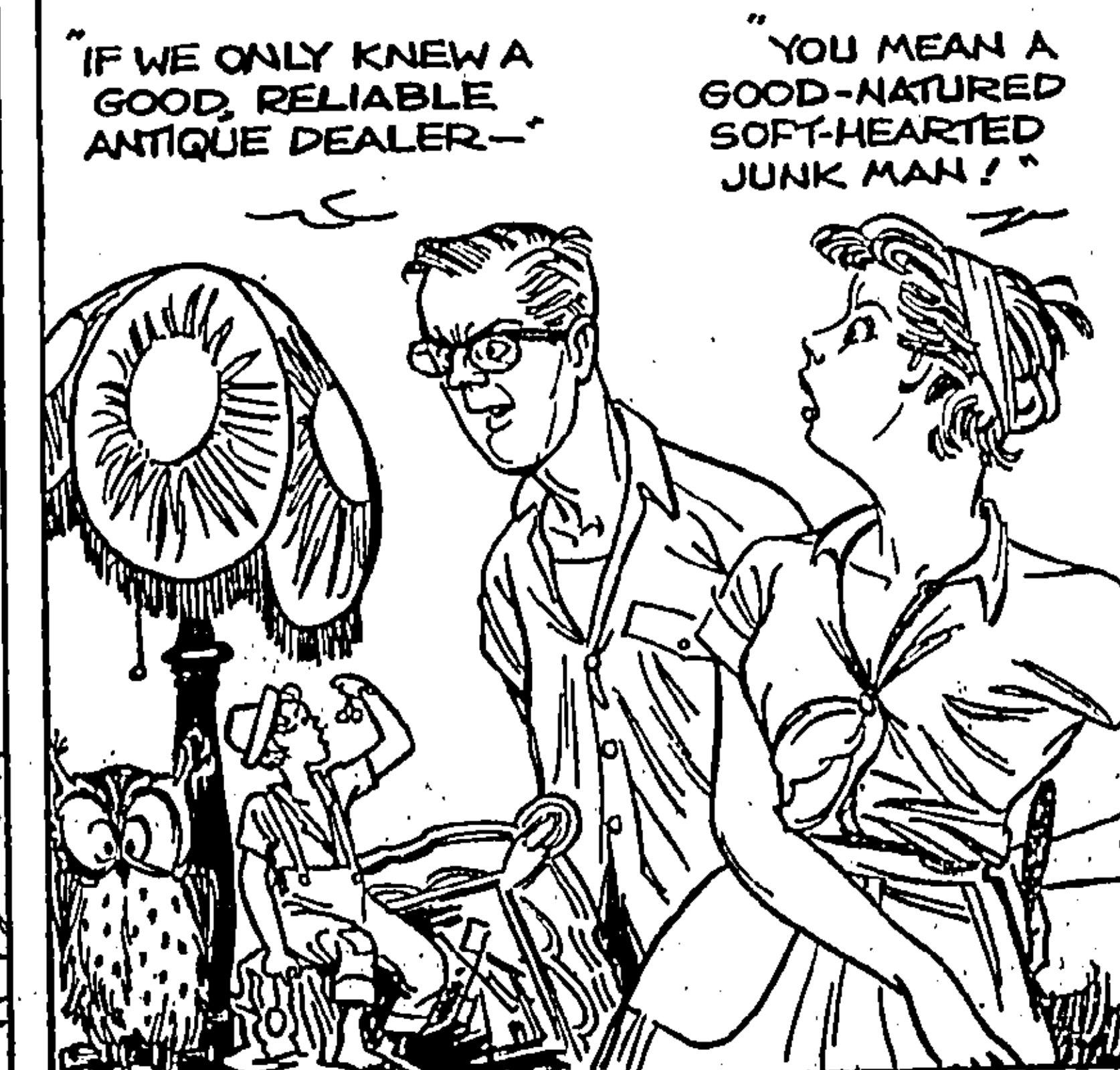


"HERE'S YOUR OLD MOTH-EATEN SWEATER—OUT IT GOES!"

"DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD KEEP IT? IF THE MOTHS LIKE IT THAT MUCH, MAYBE THEY'LL LEAVE THE OTHER STUFF ALONE!"

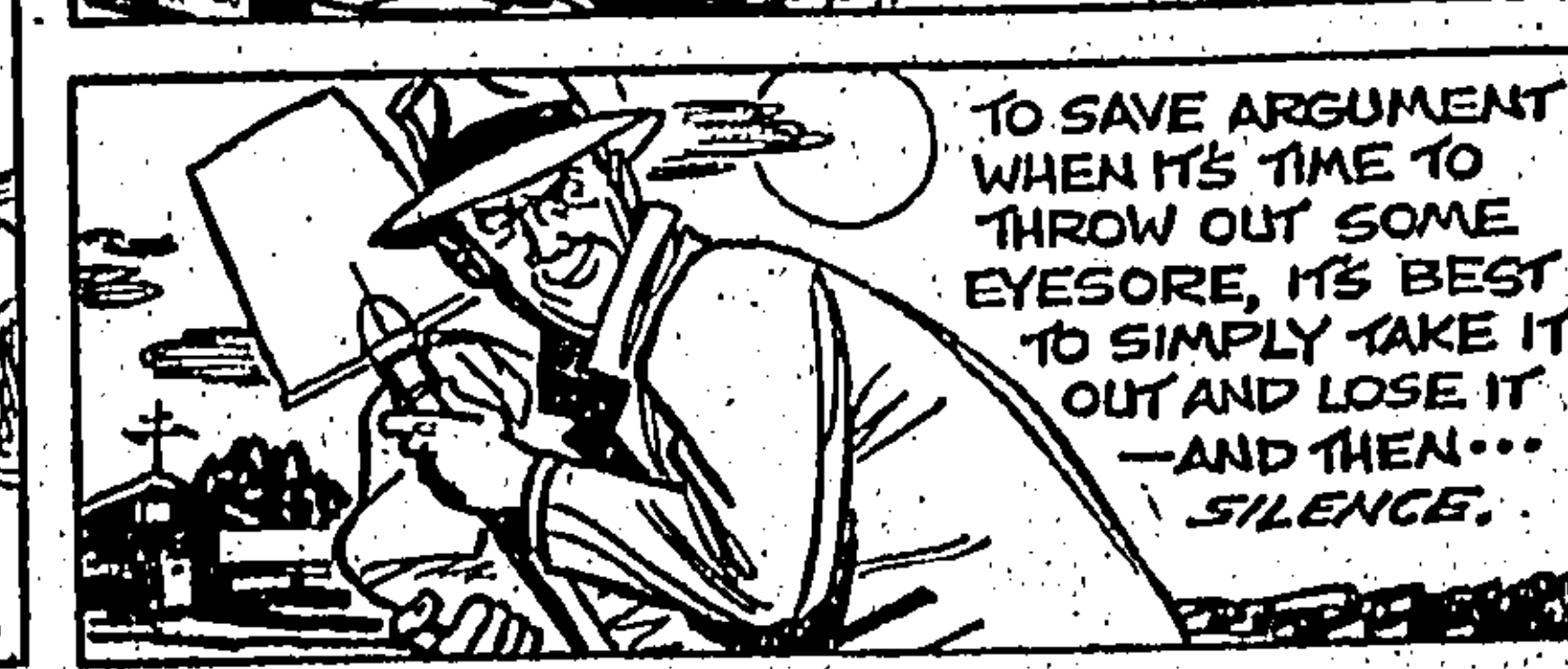
NICE TRY, PAL.

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"IF WE ONLY KNEW A GOOD, RELIABLE ANTIQUE DEALER—"

"YOU MEAN A GOOD-NATURED SOFT-HEARTED JUNK MAN?"



TO SAVE ARGUMENT WHEN IT'S TIME TO THROW OUT SOME EYESORE, HIS BEST TO SIMPLY TAKE IT OUT AND LOSE IT—AND THEN... SILENCE.



IT WAS EITHER GIVE THE DRUMS THE HEAVE-HO OR BE DRUMMED OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME.



ULTIMATUM.



"I TOLD YOU LONG AGO TO THROW 'EM OUT! NOW YOU CAN EVEN PICK 'EM UP!"



## WEEK-END BOWLS

## IRC "BLUES" AT HOME TO CRAIGENGOWER IN CRUCIAL MATCH TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

Two crucial League matches this afternoon head the Colony's crowded lawn bowls programme for the next four days.

Tomorrow the Open Rinks Championship begins its first round proper with 16 matches, and on Monday and Tuesday all the 32 first round games of the Open Singles Championship will be played off.

Taking the top spot among the League matches this afternoon will be that between Indian Recreation Club "Blues" and Craigengower Cricket Club at Sookumpoo.

Although Craigengower are at the head of the table with 27 points in eight matches, the Indians have a moment in a slightly better position than their rivals, having gained 25½ points in seven matches.

With respect to Kowloon Bowling Green, the Indians have a post-mortem game from points for the Indians are a fair estimate for the match, as the Indians have potentially 29½ points to their credit at the moment.

Much of the chances of either Craigengower or the Indians of winning the Championship will hinge on the result of the match this afternoon.

A decisive 4-1 or 5-0 win for either side will greatly influence the position of the winners, but a 3-2 decision either way will put Kowloon Bowling Green in a good position.

At the same time last year's champions Reccro, may come back into the picture. With the local greens playing much faster now, the Reccro bowlers are fast getting back into championship form and should not be underestimated in the race for the division title.

Some excellent bowls is expected during the coming week.

In view of the fine playing conditions of the local greens at the moment, if anything, they tend to be slightly on the fast side, and club convenors may perhaps consider the advisability of watering greens before matches so as to ensure the best playing condition.

Although Craigengower beat the Indians in the first round by a 4-1 margin, the psychological advantage will be with the Indians this afternoon. The Valley Club twelve have still to make (if the effects of their defeat by Reccro last week-end and overcome their difficulty on the extremely fast IRC green where they recently suffered a 4-1 setback from the Indians' "Gold" team.

Supporters of the Indian camp estimate the odds as being 3 to 2 for the home team. I should think the chances about even for either side to win by a 4-1 margin, with the odds just that close in favour of the Indians. Here perhaps the advice of Wai Curry, one of the greatest Australian bowlers, may prove useful to both teams: "On a fast green, stick to the drawing game. Avoid playing blocks and concentrate on a safe back position."

The other crucial League match this afternoon is the Third Division, where the League-leading Hongkong Police Sports Association will be at home to the Philip Club who are only one point behind with one game in hand.

A decisive win for the Philip Club will put them in a very strong position for the Championship. Having them only Kowloon Bowling Green Club is likely challengers.

The HKPSA will have to win the match to keep well within the race and with green advantage, should be able to average their 4-1 defeat in the earlier round.

With Kowloon Dock "Blues" still in the race, the Second Division is now narrowed down to a race for the runners-up position with no fewer than five teams vying for the places. Four of them will clash in one of the last games in this division.

Craigengower will take on the Football Club on their green and Kowloon Cricket Club will be at home to USRC, and both are expected to come through with four points each. Reccro, the other contender for the runners-up position, have five points within their reach despite playing away against the Philip Club.

**OPEN RINKS**  
Tomorrow the Colony Open Rinks first round matches will probably see all the teams getting through by comfortable margins. Three of last year's champion rink, L. M. Silva, G. Santos and P. K. Lau, with newcomer to the rink, G. Hoang Choy, as No. 3 have been drawn against Football Club's H. Elbeck, W. McCall, F. D. IRC green and a close game is expected, with the odds slightly in favour of the Craigengower four.

On paper probably the strongest four in the event are Francis Lee, C. C. Ma, A. E. Coates and J. S. Landolet, against W. Riley, W. Chambers, W. Gaffney and A. E. Elbeck. They may not, however, have matters their own way and will probably be pushed to their best form.

Reccro's strongest four in the event are J. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira, C. C. Pereira and Joe Lum, but F. X. Alves, A. A. Gutierrez, F. X. M. Silva and Johnny Ribeiro, F. G. Luz, S. E. Souza, C. E. Passos and A. A. Lopes are two other Reccro combinations which are capable of going far in the tournament.

Another favoured four are IRC's A. R. A. Rahman, A. H.

Seemina, M. B. Hussain and O. R. Sadick.  
All these fours are expected to win their games tomorrow, but who the eventual winners of the rinks event will be as much the reader's guess as mine. Records show that two practical by using and untried fours won the event in the last two seasons and from among the underdogs four may yet rise up this year to complete the hat-trick.

**OPEN SINGLES**  
The first round matches of the Singles event on Monday and Tuesday will be more interesting, with at least two matches especially worth watching on Monday. One of these will be that between A. P. Pereira and former champion A. E. Coates to be played at KCC.

Coates, after a poor beginning this season, has picked up his old form during the last two weeks and will probably just be able to make it. The other match will see two former champions, Joe Landolet and A. H. Seemina, clash at Taikeo, with the odds slightly in favour of Seemina.

**TODAY'S GAMES**

**First Division**  
Reccro v. KBCG  
FC v. TC  
KCC v. IRC "Gold"  
IRC "Blue" v. CCC  
**Second Division**  
CCC v. HKFC  
FC v. Reccro  
KCC v. USRC  
KDC "White" v. POC  
KDC "Blue" v. PRC  
HKCC (Bye)

**Third Division**  
CCC v. KCC  
FC v. HKRC  
HKCC v. HKFC  
HKPSA v. FC  
**Ladies' League**  
USRC v. CCC "Green"  
FC v. CCC "White"  
KBCG v. CCC "Yellow"  
KDC v. KCC "Red"  
PRC v. TC

**TOMORROW**

**Colony Open Rinks**  
First round matches at Reccro, HKCC, KBCG, KCC, CCC, KDC and IRC.  
**MONDAY**  
Colony Open Singles  
First round matches at KCC, Reccro, KCC, KDC, CCC, IRC, HKCC, HKFC and TC.

**TUESDAY**  
Colony Open Singles  
First round matches at TC, IRC, HKCC and KBCG.

## SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who was the first man to win the Men's Singles title at Wimbledon?
2. In what year did Victor Seixus win the Men's Singles title?
3. Who are the first two seeds in this year's Championships?
4. Who was the last married woman to win the Women's Singles title?
5. When was the last time an Englishman won the Men's Singles, and who was he?
6. Who was Gorgonzola Gussie?
7. Name two famous American tennis champions, both Wimbledon winners, who recently turned professional (one man and one woman)?
8. What is the official title of the Wimbledon tennis tournament?
9. Who is the President of the All-England Club?
10. Which famous tennis champion had her career cut short through a riding accident?

(Answers See Page 17)

## THE CROWN UPSIDE DOWN



Both the Duke of Edinburgh and H.M. The Queen seem to be amused by the sight of the crown upside down on the Guards Brigade Colour which is covering the trophy table. This small diversion took place after a polo match in Great Windsor Park on June 24 when the Burlington team, captained by the Duke of Edinburgh beat a New Zealand team in an exhibition match. The Queen presented a prize to her husband after the match as captain of the winning team. (Central Press Photo.)

## TIGERS OF SPORT

If ever a man worked and slaved and tortured himself to attain the heights of athletic greatness that man was Emil Zatopek. His appearance when running may have indicated success through misery. But his triumphs may never be equalled, even in this age of records. HARRY ANDREW, in the fourth of his Tigers of Sport series, tells of his remarkable Olympic treble.

## HIS MIRACLE MARATHON STUNNED THE WORLD

By HARRY ANDREW

The most miserable looking athlete I have ever seen in action is Emil Zatopek. The Galloping Major from Czechoslovakia. His mouth twists, his face contorts as if every step is sheer agony. For him, nothing about running seems easy. Yet Zatopek is beyond question the greatest distance runner in world history. And he once said: "It is better to run badly and quickly than beautifully and slowly."

How I wish these words could be branded into the minds of every coach, every selector. How many athletes—in all sports—have been humiliated because they looked good? And how many have been left out because their style didn't please some idiot who set appearance before performance? Anyway Zatopek is the living embodiment of what a man can do WITHOUT style—but WITH guts, determination, an unconquerable will to win, ruthless torture of himself (and his opponents) and the willingness to devote his every thought and action to the business of getting on top.

He proved it at the last Olympic Games at Helsinki in July, 1952, when he stunned the whole world by winning three gold medals for the three longest races—the 5,000 and 10,000 Metres and the Marathon. His Marathon performance was unbelievable. He had never run in it before. He had not trained for it. The race stretches out over 26 miles 385 yards—and the Galloping Major had already run almost 10 miles to win his two other medals.

No expert would give him a chance of winning. Zatopek "walked" away from a field of the world's best runners—Corno of Argentine, Jans on of Sweden, Yoon Chul Choi of Korea, Jim Peters of Britain, and a host of others.

Peters then held the unofficial world record and made no secret of the fact that he intended running Zatopek into the ground. He tried, too. He led from the start. But he finished the last 10 or 11 miles in the back of a motor-car—knocked out by the pace.

But Zatopek ran on and on, laughing to the crowd, waving, even turning his head so that the photographers could snap him. The crowd went crazy as he strode along into the Olympic Stadium. He finished more than 2½ minutes ahead of the next man. He shattered the Olympic record by 6 minutes 16 seconds.

And he ran an extra circuit of the stadium to please the crowd as his rivals gasped and groaned and collapsed behind him. For Zatopek the athlete no prize could be enough. And about Zatopek the man, even his biggest rivals concede that he is the most charming of men.

Unfortunately, he appears only too willing to lend himself to the political propaganda machine. He was, for instance, the apparent author of a Round Robin appeal to British athletes to attend a Communist-backed "Peace Conference" in Vienna in 1952.

By contrast, I have spoken to many athletes who assure me that Zatopek is the soul of courtesy and sportsmanship when competing. He is also not above a little spot of gamesmanship when the opportunity offers. For instance, in that Helsinki Marathon he ran alongside Peters for some time—with the Englishman pounding his heart out to keep going. Then the Czech waved a grey hand and in broken English, said he'd have to be getting along "as the pace is a little too slow for me."

Imagine how Peters felt at that moment! Zatopek is a professional soldier—"in the cause of peace"—and we are assured that his rank of major is due entirely to his efficiency at his trade. However, I always find it remarkable that these Iron Curtain athletes seem to time promotions with their athletic successes.

For instance the Hungarian footballer, Ferenc Puskas, whose advance to major coincided with his country's jump to the top of the soccer circus.

It is certain that, however hard Zatopek works at his soldiering, he works a darn sight harder at his running. He has revolutionised long-distance training, setting himself a killing schedule which nobody thought could be maintained.

## HIS LUNG POWER

Typical, for instance, is that he decided to increase his lung power while running as far as he could holding his breath. HE RAN UNTIL HE DROPPED UNCONSCIOUS!

Nothing stops him carrying out his routine, rain or hail or snow or sunshine. And his wife—formerly Dana Ingrove—goes with him. The two of them had a unique double at Helsinki when minutes after Zatopek's 5,000 Metres triumph, his wife went out and won the Javelin with a record throw.

Nature itself gave Zatopek his other great advantage: an abnormally large heart with an unusually slow beat. Incidentally, the size of his heart has not

## SPORTS SPECTRUM

## Mr Wong Advocates A Strict Colour Bar

Mr Wong sat at the bar and watched the door of the club. He was obviously impatient and there was a definite edge on his voice as he called for "another pink gin."

He glanced at his watch and seemed about to make a move as the door swung open and Big John came in.

They met half way across the room.

"It's good to see you again... you old scamp," said the new arrival. "I hope you've managed to keep Colony sport in order while I've been on leave."

"Oh, it has been most frustrating," John confided his companion. "There hasn't been a soul about the club who was worth arguing with, but I'm going to make up for lost time now that you're back. There are at least a dozen subjects on which I want to obtain your views. We hear for example that there's going to be promotion and relegation in local soccer. I believe too that a proposal is afoot to change the whole face of Colony football."

"...and, if softball looks as bad now as it did when I went on leave, it could do with a good face lift," chipped in Big John.

Mr Wong treated the interruption with cool reserve, and indicated it would take more than a diverting thrust like that to sway him from his story.

"You can have your say about that in due course, but apart from softball there's also a big plan to start a benevolent fund for our pagists... and then there's a suggestion that I'll shake you to the roots... someone wants to see our lawn bowlers using coloured woods in competitive bowls matches." This brought a quick smile to Big John's face. "I hope they don't let anyone choose green and white ones or royal blue and ones, otherwise there'll be no mean trouble between the fiery Scots at Taikeo and Kowloon Docks. But, joking apart, and

speaking quite honestly, I think it's a pretty sound idea." This was hardly the sort of reply Mr Wong had anticipated. He had in fact expected an explosion from his colleague who is well-known as an enthusiastic bowler who dislikes any interference with the old tried and trusted traditions of the game.

"John," he said with just sufficient harshness to show his disappointment, "surely you don't mean to tell me that you approve of the idea of painting coloured rings on the sides of woods so that a few cranks can know who is lying the shot without causing themselves too much trouble. Oh no, John, you simply cannot mean that. The whole thing is a diabolical scheme to modernise an old fashioned game that doesn't need any modernising. Why the next thing will be a proposal that the players of each rink should turn out in club coloured shirts. We'd have the KCC in red and green, the Police Club in dark blue and the Football Club in their familiar blue and white soccer strip."

As he paused for breath Big John jumped neatly into the attack. "Now listen to me, my good friend," he said in his quiet but commanding way. "You've brought football into the argument and I would like to ask you how well you could follow a football match from the grand stand if all the players wore the same coloured shirt or even if they wore none at all... Not only you but the players themselves would be completely confused. So why should it be different with lawn bowlers and the faithful folks who sit round the greens watching them play. The great thing in any competitive sport—even if it is only competitive for entertainment's sake—is that players can be easily distinguished from each other. It is in fact that their opponents are up to, and I don't mind telling you that if lawn bowls has any ambition at all of attracting a gallery of spectators then it has to realise that it must make it easier for the watchers to see what is happening."

## Hungarians Train For Olympics

Budapest.

Hungary's national sports coaching centre at Tata is being extended to aid her sportsmen in their Olympic training. A new gymnasium is being built which can be partitioned so that different sports can go on without interruption, reports the Hungarian News Service quoted by Reuters.

In Budapest three gymnasiums are being built under one roof with several smaller halls added for training seasons and lectures. The City Park Ice rink which accommodates 4,000 people, is also to be extended and a 400-metre speed-skating track built.

Plans have also been made to transform the Reccro bus garage near the People's Stadium into a sports hall to relieve pressure on the National and Csepel halls.

The High School for Physical Training in Budapest is to be enlarged by the addition of a 25-metre pool which will be open to non-students as well. Plans are in hand to instal floodlighting in the 100,000-capacity People's Stadium which will enable evening fixtures to be played. (China Mail Special.)

There was a strange silence as he stopped. Mr Wong, his faith in his old friend obviously shaken, tried hard to control himself but it was an unsuccessful effort. Suddenly he turned to the bar and beat the counter with his tightly clenched fists. "No, 1," he shouted, "bring me a pink gin... no more... make it a double."

He drained his glass at one gulp and stamped towards the door. With his hand on the knob he shouted over his shoulder and don't drink too much, John... or maybe you'll have a nightmare in glorious technicolour featuring pink woods. —B. E. JANT

## ALL EYES ON THE BALL



All eyes follow the progress of the ball played by the brilliant young Australian Peter Thomson during the Canada Cup golf tournament at Wentworth Course, Surrey, on June 26. Arms folded at right is Thomson's partner, Norman von Nida. (Reutersphoto.)

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